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No. 356.

PRAYER FOR TO-DAY.

BY JOHN GOSSET.

My God: To-day unclose our eyes
To all the precious things
Thou sendest us from out the skies,
Whereof no poet sings.

Hold this To-day so near our sight—
And yet so far away—
That we may know to-morrow's light
Gleams ever on To-day!

For this we feel is what we need
More than all else to learn:
That blessings brought too close to read
Short-sight cannot discern.

All blame be ours; yet help us, Lord,
To so transform our sight
That, read afar or far, Thy Word
May be construed aright.

Except we see To-day on earth
As it is to us given,
How shall we come to know the worth
Of one To-day in Heaven?

The Red Cross;

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guilerland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TWO EMIRS.

ONE year ago to-day Baron Warren-Guilerland rode from his castle gates.

We come upon him in a strangely different scene. The gleam of dawn is spreading a soft, golden glow over the solitary, barren land; from east to west, from north to south, there is not a break in the dead calm of the yellow wilderness; the sky burns red like a wasting fire, and azure clouds drift across it, lifting high the tempting mirage of shining water-courses and full-fledged trees.

It is an Arabian desert, boundless, scorched, desolate.

Two horsemen urge their weary horses along the trackless plain. They have been traveling all night and have not yet reached the oasis where alone it is safe to halt during the mid-day heat.

Both wear the garb of the Bedouin, the snow-white burnous and turban, with the gleaming scarlet thrust into their scarlet girdles; their skin is of the rich olive-bronze hue of the sons of the desert, and the steeds they bestride are desert-born and bred, intelligent, as his canny, and swift as the hawk whose swoop they emulate.

But these men, as they ride close together through the great wilderness, speak in the English tongue—and the theme is—*Warren-Guilerland*!

Once more we behold Herman Berthold, Baron Warren-Guilerland, and his servant Norris.

And what has lured the great man here?

A lady's face!

Incredible? Not at all! He carries a very fine photograph of it in his safest pocket, over his heart, and could you see that precious card you would believe anything possible for its sweet sake.

The baron had gone on a mission—the discovery of Warren-Guilerland's next-of-kin. In his hand he held two clues, the names which conclude the map of pedigree drawn for the reader in the end of the last chapter.

These names were *Millicent*, who married *Giles Thetford*, and her cousin *Jacob*, son of *Margaret and Janet Kercheval*.

Thetford and *Kercheval*—the two clues. He wasted six months, and was as wise as when he commenced. One day he saw in London, in a fashionable photographer's salon, a countenance in which this keen physiognomist traced the indelible Warren-Guilerland phylax.

Besides this, the face was very beautiful. He purchased it, not without difficulty—for this was a breach of the etiquette of the art—and gleaned the name of its possessor.

It was neither *Thetford* nor *Kercheval*, it was *Valrose*.

She was the only child of Colonel Victor Valrose, U. S. A., a noted capitalist, who had forsaken his native land some years previously to reside in St. Petersburg.

Baron Berthold dropped the clues and followed the face. It eluded him at St. Petersburg; the capitalist, accompanied by his wife and daughter, had departed months ago on a colossal pleasure trip round the world.

Baron Berthold followed the face from land to land, and by a series of tantalizing mischances it always litted on before him, just out of reach, yet ever luring him onward with a promise of the morrow.

As he and his old attendant urge their drooping horses over the trackless waste, they talk confidently of coming up with the English tourists by high noon—they expect to overtake them as they rest at a certain oasis mid-way across the desert, the Wady Zebid.

Norris thinks his new master even more eccentric than his old one, but his inexhaustible resources, his endurance, gallantry in moments of danger, his unruffled tranquillity and inflexible tenacity of purpose, all have imbued the old man with a superstitious reverence for him, as a being omnipotent.

What character can he not assume, so as to deceive the very natives themselves? What language can he not speak? Are there any mysteries upon earth locked from the knowledge of Baron Berthold?

He is wont to assume the nationality of every country through which the witch-face of Miss Valrose leads him. This plan, when it can be successfully followed, saves time, averts danger, and spares the traveler's purse. As for Norris, his only refuge lies in silence and an anxious imitation of his master's every look and gesture while surrounded by the inquisitive aborigines; he passes as the Great Unknown's deaf-mute.

Suddenly the baron, being a little in advance of his follower and glancing back to address him, noted a dark cloud appearing in the horizon from which they themselves had come, and skimming rapidly along the ground.

He drew up abruptly, raising his field-glass to his eyes.

"It is a party of those vultures, the 'Robbers of the Plains!'" exclaimed he; "they are armed to the teeth; their sheik is at their head; they are evidently on the track of the caravan. And, by my faith, if numbers mean victory, I tremble for the travelers!"

"Will they come this way?" quavered Norris, who was indifferently timid.



"Oh, my Great Father on high, accept the sacrifice, and give me at last my heart's desire—a father's love!"

ground and deftly removing the bit from his beautiful little steed's mouth as he spoke.

Norris turned pale under the dye which bronzed his wrinkled face, and with a heavy heart imitated his intrepid master as he took from his holsters a few handfuls of coarse barley-meal and some dates, and fed them to the eager brute, rubbing its slender limbs carefully down afterward. Then the baron threw himself upon the sand in his horse's shadow, directing his servant to do the same.

"Our only chance to escape the spears of those marauders," remarked he, "is to betray no fear, and as they approach to meet them with a flag of truce. I shall presently dismount, and when they are, and will greet them as brethren; we shall then accompany them upon their present raid, and possibly I may be fortunate enough to serve the Americans, or at least the lady whom I have followed so long."

Norris groaned and began to mutter a prayer.

On they came, a hundred horsemen, looming nearer and nearer, their lances flashing in the glare of the early sun, the galloping hoofs of their splendid stallions dashing the light sand up in clouds like spray. A few paces in advance their leader swept alone, his white hawk floating around him, a carbuncle as large as a pigeon's egg blazing among the snow-white folds of his turban, his piercing eyes gleaming, and his jet-black beard sweeping down to his waist, where shone a grim array of weapons.

When the band was some twenty paces distant, Baron Berthold rose, and lifting his white cambric handkerchief on the point of his spear, calmly walked forward to meet it.

Next instant they were around him like a covey of vultures.

The khalfas was a superb specimen of his race, all bone and sinew—a giant athlete. He bent his eager, flashing gaze upon the stranger as if he would pierce his very soul, as he said in his own language—respecting the white flag with true Arab punctiliousness:

Peace be upon thee. Now, who art thou, who dares to cross the course of Timour-Emad, the Eagle of the Desert?

Peace be upon thee, Great Emir," returned the baron, executing an obeisance the perfection of Bedouin elegance. "I am thy brother. Wouldst thou know Masudi's name?"

His words acted like magic.

The mighty leader threw himself from his steed, and bowed to the ground before him, while his followers, dismounting as he dismounted, as if one set of springs moved the whole band, prostrated themselves in a semi-circle around the principal actors.

The secret of the marvel was this: The baron, alert to pick up all items of information which might lessen the peril which environed his solitary wanderings, the baron was pretty well posted in the current events of the desert, and knew that lately the sheiks of two long rival tribes, by name Masudi and Timour-Emad, had formed an alliance to annihilate a mutual foe; and not having yet met, he calmly assumed the name of Masudi whenever he heard the name of Timour-Emad, confident of not being unmasked until he had time to escape out of his haughty dupe's clutches.

And how earnest thou, my illustrious brother, into the heart of Sahara accompanied by but yonder attendant?" inquired Timour-Emad, these preliminaries having been settled.

The quasi-Masudi gave an off-hand explanation that he and his little band of warriors were crossing the plain in the track of a caravan—the Emir's bushy eyebrows thickened—with which an English party were traveling, people of great consequence in their own land, whose molestation would bring England's ferocious legions down upon Arabia; that he was anxious to protect; how he was outnumbered, his men out down, and he only, with his servant, the mule, escaped.

Timour-Emad heard with grave courtesy, and then graciously welcoming his brother Masudi to continue his journey under his protection, ordered two of the finest horses in the band to be brought from the rear, and pressed them upon the acceptance of the delighted baron, for himself and his servant, turning over their own jaded animals to the reserves.

A few minutes more and they were dashing along the sea wastes, at a pace which severely tried the metal of poor old Norris to say the least, practiced fox-hunter though he was, and accustomed, in time gone by, to cross a country at the heels of the hounds, taking all the rough and water, fence and ditch that came in his way with the best of them.

As for the baron, he sat his splendid mount like a man of iron, his hand as light as a woman's on the curb, and carried on the conversation with the Emir as they skimmed over the noiseless sand with the sun-rod of a man perfectly at his ease.

But the Emir's dark, lean visage wore a cloud which all the affability of his discourse failed to dissipate; his men, too, wore gloomy and dissatisfied looks.

Masudi affected to notice nothing, however, and tranquilly continued his lofty vainglories of the glories won in warfare by his own ever-victorious tribe.

The hours passed; the sun poured down its pitiless blaze, which the sand refracted like red-hot iron—not a speck stirred; the broad breasts of the horses were covered with foam fiercely blown from their blood-red nostrils, their limbs were clothed with sweat and the light drift of the splashed-up sand; their riders panted, with baked, dry lips apart to catch a breath of air, while their shaggy brows almost concealed their glimmering eyes, half-closed against the dazzling glare of the sun and the needle-sharp drift of the dust; but the fury of the gallop never slackened, and Timour-Emad whispered not a hint of the object of his ride.

Meantime the character of the country changed; it became more broken and undulating, and then some faint gleams of vegetation lit up the bleak and arid expanse.

"We approach the Wady Zebid," said Timour-Emad; "yonder curls the smoke of the Franks where they lie at rest around the water-spring." And he waved his dark hand toward a pale-blue haze that hovered upon the ground some miles distant.

Presently they swept up to the base of a line of bare rocks which had been gradually magnifying from their first pigmy proportions to a lofty altitude, and at a sign from the Emir and the Emir's hand were off their horses and unloading the packs.

The sheik, the baron and Norris remained on their steeds in the center of the busy throng.

The chiefs looked solemnly at each other.

The mute kept his eye immovably fastened on his master, with the most agonizing expression of anxiety.

"My brother Masudi," said the Emir, breaking silence at last, "yonder caravan caries treasure—riches worth a prince's acceptance. Many merchants are banded together yonder; they are all rich in gold and gems. We perish for bread—they pass through our territory and we are unable to help them—they are our prey! We have pledged our word to the great men of our tribe that we return laden with spoil. Allah is Allah! His will be done!"

"My brother Timour-Emad is a great chief," returned the baron, with a majestic air, "and will despise the spoil that is beneath the notice of Masudi, except to move his compassion and invite his aid."

"The Emir's eyes glittered hungrily, the scowl blackened on his brow.

"My brother is right," said he, stifling his anger, however; "the spoil is not worthy to be the cause of dispute between brothers. I have sworn by the Law and the Prophet that the gold in yonder encampment shall gladden the tents of my people ere the moon rise. My brother Masudi is welcome to his share, or, if he prefers to be at peace with the Franks, the desert lies before him every way except the way toward the Wady Zebid."

"Illustrious Djed!" exclaimed Masudi, haughtily, "the bonds of our alliance are but newly fashioned; how knowest thou that they will not snap beneath this untoward weight?"

The Emir flinched, but drew up defiantly.

"If they be so flimsy as to snap, God's will be done!" replied he, with exquisite softness and civility.

The baron mused. He had experimented on the subtle Arab as far as he dared. It was patent that fear of Masudi's wrath would not withhold his hand from murdering and rifling the caravan.

The only chance to save the Valrose family lay now through the baron's accompanying the marauders, and perhaps claiming these three people as his share of the plunder.

He affected to throw off the displeasure in his manner, and to submit to the Emir's will. He made a low bow, and placed his hand impressively upon his breast.

"Masudi is content; he will go with the great sheik," said he.

Timour-Emad's brow cleared, his manner warmed.

CHAPTER V.
THE DESERT STRUGGLE.

THE UNCONSCIOUS travelers were encamped in the welcome shade of the spreading trees of Wady Zebid.

Ten immense caravans, a troop of camels, and about forty souls in all, comprised the caravan.

Of these, twenty were warriors, the Arab guard. The only tourists of the party were the Valroses, who had taken advantage of these merchants crossing the desert with their convoy, to accomplish in safety—as they supposed—this perilous passage; not a soul dreamed that danger was near.

The natives had unpacked the camels and pitched the tents. Half a dozen at least were drawn in a circle around the black, cold, gushing water which flowed from a cleft of rock, overhung with a rich growth of tropical verdure; the animals browsed off the delicious lush grass under the fig-trees, and the Arab guard had thrown themselves down in their places in a wide outer circle with their eyes on a couch of velvety tiger-skins, and the younger on the wilderness which surrounded this haven of rest.

Profound silence reigned, broken only by the snort of some steed whose delicate nostrils the long grass had tickled, or the deep breath of some camel as it laid itself luxuriously down among the cool, damp sedges of the water-course.

Overcome with the fatigue of the night, and the noon heat, the travelers slept.

Not all, though; one might have heard the murmur of high-pitched female voices, had one chosen to listen beside the principal marquee. In the dim amber light under the dusky canvas two American ladies had been discovered, the elder reclining upon a couch of velvety tiger-skins, and the younger kneeling on the flower-strewn ground at her side, gently fanning her with a huge black silk Spanish fan.

Both were tall, fair, and pale, with the exquisite patrician beauty of the pure Saxons; but the daughter, in her first bloom, with her delicate, imperial head and stag-like nose, her radiant soul beaming from her eyes of royal pansy-purple, and her waving tresses of spun gold sweeping around her lithe, slender figure—she was well worth her pretty mother's admiration, and she was getting it, too, full measure, from humid, shining eye and quivering, smiling lip, as the pair cooed and caressed, while their lot slept behind yonder curtain of lurid, gold-embroidered silk.

Mrs. Valrose and her daughter were discussing a theme that to them was fraught with ever fresh interest.

"Listen—surely a stranger one for lovely lips could scarce be suggested."

"It is the one thing on earth that I desire—I would be content to die if God would give it me," said the young lady, a shiver of exquisite feeling running through her murmurous tones.

"Be patient, darling; it's a long lane that has no turning!" sighed Mrs. Valrose. "Such devotion, humility and tenderness must at last prevail. Alas! how can he withstand her?" and a stifled sigh bore witness to the bitterness of the lady's reflections.

"Mother," wailed the lovely girl, "why does my father deny me his love?"

"Cordelia, cease to ask that harrowing question!" implored Mrs. Valrose, averting her troubled eye from the passionate gaze of her child; "there is no head on; it is a causeless curse that has fallen upon the innocent life of my pretty, sweet child."

"I have striven so earnestly to win his love!" faltered Cordelia, her delicate face growing white and stern; "over since I was old enough to know him, for my father I have loved him with an idolatrous passion; I have devoted my life to win his affection in return; and to-day, when I am twenty-one, he tells me with a cold smile that henceforth I am as much my own mistress—as far as he is concerned—as any other lady on the globe—that he relinquishes the duties of parental guardianship with a happy heart, and passes me over to the first eligible proffer who falls a victim to my 'lovely glances.' You heard him say it, mamma; you saw the covert sneer on his lip, and the icy glance of aversion which accompanied it; alas, what have I done? Cordelia, indeed! was ever such a sad misnomer?"

Mrs. Valrose put out her arm, and catching her beautiful child to her heart, held her there in a convulsive embrace, while bitter tears coursed down her transparent cheeks.

"Never in all my life," continued Cordelia, gently disengaging herself, her bosom heaving with grief and shame, "has he laid a kind hand upon my head, or kissed me, or said 'My daughter!' he has shunned me as if I were deformed, or plague-struck, or the hated memento of some past misery—rather of some past crime, the memory of which eats into all his enjoyments, and turns all he touches into gall. Mother, in pity tell me, what have I done to deserve this?"

The soft eyes of Mrs. Valrose gave one little dangerous flash.

"You have done nothing—nothing!" said she, in a bitter voice. "If utter innocence could have softened his heart, he would long ago have loved my Cordelia as fondly as he loves me. Child, ask me no more; be content with my love; it is not lavished upon you with every breath I draw?"

For a few moments the mother and daughter remained clasped in each other's arms; the tinkling of the water from its shadowed rock came sweetly to their ears, mingled with the whirr of some gorgeously-plumaged tropical bird as it darted from tree to tree; the rich scent of the pushed flowers upon which Cordelia knelt stole upon the still, dry, sultry atmosphere; cheek to cheek and heart to heart these two dainty recipients of Fortune's careless favors communed in stricken silence over the one unendurable thorn in their lot.

Suddenly a long, shrill cry rang out, close beside them. It was the war-cry of their Moslem foes: "Allah-il-Allah!"

The ladies bounded to their feet, and at the same instant Mr. Valrose strode from behind the curtain and seized his pistols from the table. Mrs. Valrose ran to his protection, pale as death, but Cordelia stood where she was, her dark eyes fixed upon the closed curtain of heavy cloth which hung at the entrance of the tent.

Meantime, the yell of the startled guard had answered the challenge of the enemy; the quiet encampment was transformed in a moment to a bivouac teeming with activity. The thunder of advancing horse could be distinctly heard on the velvet sward; they had surprised the camp in the rear, while the sentinels watched the desert.

The sharp report of fire-arms, and the singing whistle of bullets proclaimed that the struggle had begun; and the dismayed ejaculations of the Arabs, and hoarse, fierce, desperate rallying cry of their commander, (a Frenchman with the body of a Lilliputian and the soul of a Brobdignag), told with grim significance how fearfully uneven the battle was to be.

Victor Valrose looked down on his beautiful wife as she clung in frantic terror to him.

He was a magnificent man; carried himself with the erectness of an old soldier; his eye was a cold, radiant blue; his heavy mustache black as coal and his hair white as snow. His features were of that proud, aquiline beauty which belongs of right to imperious and fiery natures, but, even now, at fifty, that commanding face could soften and warm with love or humor as eloquently as any young blood's.

Madeline, wife, exclaimed he in a low voice, which sounded as if it came from the depths of that accompaniment of howls and snapping musketry, so replete with manly affection was it, "have I ever failed in love to you?"

Arrested, in spite of her terror, she answered, hysterically:

"No, no, my blessed husband, never! Let us die together!"

"Why then judge so hardly one whose fault has been that he loved you too well to pass through life unscathed by the fires of sin and remorse?" said he, passionately. "Kiss me, Madeline; it may indeed be the last time!"

She drew down his stately head and pressed fond kisses on his lips, and Cordelia turned her patient eyes from the doorway, fixing them mournfully upon the pair.

"Must go," said Mr. Valrose, gently putting his wife back on the couch from which she had risen; "every soul is needed to defend the encampment. Stay close, my dear, my dear! Farewell, for a time; as he spoke these faltering words, retiring slowly toward the opening of the tent with his gaze fixed to the last upon the agonized face of his wife, a low moan escaped from the unhappy daughter.

She who idolized him, who would gladly have submitted to the fiercest tortures, only to bring a faint word of interest or compassion from him—was to receive no farewell, not even one passing glance!

Valrose started as his eye fell on her. Such a haunting look as she gave him!

He stopped, a spasm contracted his features; involuntarily as it would seem he stretched out his arms to her.

Oh, the wild flash of wondering, incredulous rapture that lit her whole being for a moment into dazzling radiance! Oh, the eloquence of her faint, murmurous sigh, as she falteringly approached him, her hands outstretched to clasp him in the first embrace she had ever known of fatherly affection!

She was too slow, a mighty revulsion surged over him, he dropped his arms, his face hardened, his eye froze.

She stopped a pace or two from him, she had read him.

"Take care of your mother, Cordelia," was all he said; next instant the curtain fell behind him; mother and daughter were alone.

Cordelia stood in the center of the tent, motionless. Indeed, what with her lovely face so spectral under the white dress, shrouded open at the slender waist by a silver chain, she might have passed for a statue of any of the Greek heroines of mythology, chastised by an immortal hand.

"God!" whispered Cordelia, with an exceeding bitter cry, "now grant me death!"

She turned, the curtain was swept aside from the entrance, and an Arab sprang in, dropping it behind him.

Mrs. Valrose's terrified shriek was lost in the sudden clang of swords outside, showing that the enemy was actually in the midst of the camp. Cordelia, recognizing the man as none of the guard, quietly retreated to her mother, and stood between her and the intruder.

He paused an instant, scrutinizing the beautiful, icy face of the young girl intently, then he spoke, softly:

"Ladies, I would save you; there is only one way though."

They regarded him wildly; his manner was friendly, his dark face smiled gently upon them.

"What way?" demanded Cordelia.

He approached nearer, and whispered:

"When the struggle is over and the captives are driven before the Emir Timour-Emad and Masudi, I, Masudi, will claim the maiden for my wife and she must appear to submit. Thus only can I save the white ladies from the fate of war."

Mrs. Valrose uttered a scream of horror and snatched her child convulsively to her, as if already she saw her prey of that dusky-visaged Bedouin, whose calm bright eyes scanned her so narrowly; but Cordelia said quickly:

"Appear, you say? Is this a generous rose to rescue?"

"Masudi is a friend," replied the Arab. "Come, what do you answer? If the maiden reveals a shade of reluctance the hot-hearted and envious Timour-Emad will make it an excuse to snatch her from me for his own tent."

"You will not hold me to my promise, Arab?" demanded Cordelia, looking at him full-eyed.

The steady gaze of the stranger met her unflinchingly; an electric thrill seemed to emanate from his eyes to the heart of the maiden, she hastily added: "No, see you now, my mother, you are genuine. One thing, my friend, grant me the life of my father."

"It may be too late," said the Arab; "besides, I know him not."

"No—no—of course you don't!" faltered the lovely girl, for the first time betraying agitation; "but I can point him out to you—come!" and she was flying out of the tent.

The Arab barred her way.

"It is death—or—he lowered his tone—"worse—for you out there!"

a young lady who sat quietly listening, bowed, and said:

"I do not even know your name, mademoiselle, and as you have no friends with you, I can not get an introduction, except from the captain; but, waiving ceremony, I know, from the very expression of your face at this moment, that you are the lady we want. Will you take the part of Juliet?"

"I have never taken a part, even in private theatricals," answered the lady, "but if I thought I could sustain the character allotted to me, nothing would give me more pleasure."

She spoke very low, but eagerly, and her cheeks, which had been pale, became rose-red.

"Oh, thank you, sincerely. You will have to study hard, mademoiselle, if we take but two days to get up the play."

"Call me Miss Ovington, if you please," (poor Margaret! still another change of name!) "I know every word of the play, Mr. Kellogg," "Is it possible?" regarding her with her ardent admiration and astonishment, "yet you have never taken the part? You must be a good student of Shakespeare. But I knew you were an enthusiast, the moment I looked at you—days ago."

Their eyes met in a glance which lingered even while it should not, since so many eyes were upon them; but in that instant they became friends, far better acquainted with one another than many whose acquaintance extends over months.

He had noticed the beautiful, melancholy, and solitary girl from the hour of their departure from the docks. Indeed, his curiosity had been excited by her in that hour. No sooner was she ship under full headway than she had come on deck, and leaning on the railing, as he supposed, to shed a few tears at the sight of the retreating shore, had said, instead, in a low voice, to herself, "Thank God! oh, thank God!" and when he had, by stratagem, caught a glimpse of her face, he had seen it illumined by a rapture of joy.

It was not the strangeness of this, nor the fact of her being unattended, nor that that first feeling of safety settled down into a quiet that was like deep sadness which had so greatly attracted him toward her. It was partly these, and partly that he suspected some romance in her case, and, more than all, her youth and beauty, and a certain expression of controlled excitement and energy, which, in her character, was faultless, less fascinating him. Many a time when he appeared absorbed in his book, he had been looking over the top of it at the lonely girl-passenger. She had been equally fascinated by him. Evidently modest and retiring to the last degree, she had been a companion, almost a friend, to him, who had for years been an object of attention wherever he moved, was not surprised at this, though he was certain there was something in her gaze beyond mere curiosity.

He could not make it out—it was a yearning, questioning, eager look, but turned from him so suddenly when his own met it, that he had not time to fathom it.

It did seem to Margaret as if fate had guided her steps into the very path she sought, when she heard, shortly after the ship had passed the Narrows, that there was a theatrical company on board. The strange joy with which she had listened to the splashing of the mighty wheel and the puffing of the laboring engine, every stroke of which sent her further from what she feared and hated, calming down, at length, into a sense of her peaceful and lonely position, going, as she was, without friends or protectors, to a strange city, to adopt a dubious calling, had almost crushed her with a weight of apprehension. But she had suffered too much not to have something of the strength which comes of endurance. And she had far too much at stake to allow of her faltering now. No, she would persevere, and would win success by force of will. She would be free—oh, yes, and happy! In the absorbing duties and delights of the profession she had chosen, she would find happiness. Since she was bound by an iron chain from love, she would at least be famous. Yet, what if she really had no talent for the stage?—this was a dreary question, which always left her despondent.

Every day since the voyage began, she had resolved upon making a venture to the ladies of the company, confining to them that she was going abroad to study for the stage, and asking their advice and direction, perhaps offering to pay for instruction and protection. She knew that the leading lady was the wife of the manager, and that, probably, she would be the very person to consult; but, timidity, as well as the fear of some crushing disappointment, had held her back, until the scheme of a play on ship-board was proposed, and Mr. Kellogg offered her a leading part.

Was there not fate in it?

It would be strange if Margaret did not think so.

The manager's wife was not bad-hearted, though a little envious at first; as soon as she had conquered this ugly feeling, she gave Margaret all the assistance in her power, and, as a sisterly help, she gave her the best of advice, and, as a business manager, she brought forth from her own trunk, and as much instructions in the technicalities of the stage crowded into the next twenty-four hours as could be comfortably accomplished. Never had teacher before so eager and quick a pupil.

Margaret had discovered, too, to say nothing of her plans for going on the stage, until she saw how she succeeded in this first attempt, so providentially thrown in her way.

There was much laughter and enjoyment while arranging the details of the performance. It would seem as if they had at last found a way, when the balcony scene was considered with regard to the height of the cabin ceiling, but as no one expected the accompaniments to be perfect, and as the chief desire of the expected audience was to hear the celebrated Kemble Kellogg, all minor matters were chatted over and forgotten. It was but a play, really, to all the others engaged—to all on board the ship, except the poor couple for whose benefit it was, and for Margaret. To her it was life, hope, all, everything! Kellogg watched her secretly with wonder, and with a growing belief in her powers, and even her little suspected fondness for excitement which beat in her veins, so that she scarcely ate or slept.

The eventful evening arrived.

"You'll do nicely, dear, for an amateur," said the leading lady, condescendingly, as she helped to adjust the dress, with a twist of the word "amateur" peculiar to the profession. Margaret expected to do more than "nicely," but she was not certain of it.

"At all events, her beauty will reconcile the audience to all deficiencies," thought Kellogg.

Such of the second-class passengers as were willing to purchase tickets were invited to attend; so that, considering the space in the cabin reserved for the stage, there was a fearful state of suffocation, and the crowd overflowed the doors, and paid for the privilege of looking in at the windows, and all were merry, and in the best of humors with themselves and the players. Indeed, it seemed as if they enjoyed the discomforts and absurdities of the occasion far more than they would the most elegant surroundings. The weather was calm as summer, mild and pleasant, all things propitious.

There was a passenger on board the ship who had not yet made his appearance in the cabin. But few were aware of such a person being on board—one not one but the officers of the ship and the servants who attended upon him.

The gentleman appeared to remain ill, despite the fair weather, and the fact that even the worst cases of sea-sickness had convalesced, by this, the eighth day out. Occasionally he had straggled out on deck, wrapped to the eyes; but even this was generally in the evening, when he would sometimes lean by a window or the cabin, looking in on his fellow-voyagers, to none of whom he had yet spoken. His eyes, on such occasions, never failed to rest longest on the pale, fair face of the young lady passenger. The last two nights he stayed longer than usual, watching her as she read from the same book as young Kellogg, or looked into his eyes, while attending to the minute instructions he gave her. On the

evening of the performance, he declined a seat in the cabin, which the captain kindly urged upon him, believing him to be an invalid, saying that the close air would be sure to make him ill; but he bought a dozen tickets for the privilege of a window near the stage. Through that window, for the next two hours, his keen eyes kept constant watch on what transpired.

As the play progressed, the enthusiasm of the audience kindled beyond all expectation. They knew that they should like Romeo—was great, the world acknowledged it, and in beholding his power they only enjoyed what they had anticipated. But this young Juliet—this lovely, trembling, impassioned child of nature and of love, who seemed so very like the Juliet of the Capulets, that even Rome himself might be in confusion, and played as if he, in truth, were Romeo, and she his love—she took them by surprise, she won them, charmed them, deluded them again and again, so that when some change of scene broke the spell, they drew deep breaths, and began such a roar of applause that it was as if a storm had arisen. Ay, Juliet, for you are those sweet rounds of encouragement! As she realized it, her own enthusiasm deepened; she no more thought of fear or timidity—she became the heroine so really, that, at times, the audience and the world were as they were swept away—there was nothing existing outside of herself and Romeo, and the actors who played their little parts about them. No grand theater in the world ever saw that tragedy better acted than it was on that night, in the cabin of that ship.

When all was over, Margaret felt as if she had awakened out of a dream of some far Paradise. All about her appeared unfamiliar. She was faint and worn out, now that the great thought which had upheld her no longer supported her. She had been before the curtain three times, bowing before a cheering audience, and the captain was calling, in his deep sea-tones, for the trumpets to be cleared away, that he might finish the grand success of the night with a supper. In the midst of the confusion, Mr. Kellogg came to her and took her cold hands a moment in his own.

"I must add my meed of praise to the others," he said; "the whole world ought to have witnessed your acting, instead of this handful of people, Miss Ovington. And you call yourself an amateur. You were born for the stage!"

"Do you really say so?" she asked, her face, as she asked, tears beginning to trickle down her face.

"Oh, I'm so glad! I must tell you, now, Mr. Kellogg, before my courage forsakes me, that I hoped this was the case. Indeed, I am going to London for the sole purpose of studying for the stage."

"Is this possible? Then let me assure you of certain success. This night has determined it. I am a judge, you will permit me to say. You have genius, Miss Ovington, and that, with your energy and your beauty, includes all. I must speak to you further about this."

"Oh, thank you, I consider myself very fortunate in having taken passage with you and Mrs. Matthews. It has not only given me this opportunity of trying my powers, but of asking advice and gaining needed information. I feel that I must secure Mrs. Matthews for a friend."

"Do try to secure me, too," he said, eagerly, with one of his brightest smiles; then, after a moment's silence, he whispered:

"I have no right to say it, Miss Ovington, knowing as little about you as I do, but you will always be Juliet to me, after this night—always. I can not forget it—it was not acting, my friend. And I cannot separate you, now, from the character. Juliet—my Juliet! Don't think this the extravagance of an actor accustomed to light avowals. I speak as Romeo, and yet as myself. Why, Juliet, every word that I said to you there on that stormy night, I say to you now."

"Hush! I am sure you forget yourself, and what is due to me," she whispered, frightened at his earnestness, and fighting down the rising agitation of her own heart. "Do not speak to me again to-night, Mr. Kellogg. To-morrow I will tell you some of my plans."

"You are to become friends, you ought to know it at once," with a sad smile.

"Friends! I shall not be satisfied—"

She put her finger on her lips and turned away. Mrs. Matthews was ready to take her under her sisterly wing.

During the feasting and gayety, which was kept up until twelve o'clock, Margaret wore her dress as Juliet, but there was a bright rose on either cheek which showed she had risen from the tomb of the Capulets with new life in her veins.

CHAPTER XV.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE crisis of our life always comes upon us suddenly. If we expected it, prepared for it, perhaps we would not care for it. The sun lay, late the next morning, in her berth, looking out upon the gliding, cold blue waves which ran on past the little round window of her state-room, was not the Margaret of yesterday. A great change had come over the whole world, as far as her part in it was concerned. The day of the previous evening, the more than encouraging words of the actors, especially Mr. Kellogg's, had given her the assurance that she had rightly interpreted her own gifts when she made up her mind to go on the stage. Not only did this fill her with delight, but she no longer felt helpless and hopeless. Instead of having to seek what she wanted, a stranger in a vast city, at great risk of being imposed upon, overcharged, and discouraged, she would enter London along with powerful friends, who would not only give her the assistance of their advice, but would see that she was placed in the way which would lead most quickly to the wished-for goal. As she lay there, resting after the excitement of the previous days, it was difficult to believe, too suddenly, in this prosperity.

Yet it was not even of this she thought most. Romeo's last words to her, and the way in which he recalled those without burning cheeks and a high-beating heart! Rash, hasty words, which were, by this time, perhaps, repented of. But he had felt them when he said them! She was certain of that. What did her own heart say in reply? As well as that, she had a separate room, and a separate room of roses as to analyze the feelings which made up the sweetness, warmth, perfume, enchantment which bloomed into sudden summer in her breast. In vain she clouded over the buds of a new passion, with the memory that it was—that it must be all in vain. When the summer sun shines, the flowers will open; beneath the warmth of Romeo's eyes all the sweetness of her nature unclosed into vivid life. We have said that, long before, her girlish love for Brantthope had changed into contempt—sometimes, when she thought how wretched he had made her, into hate. Now, as she reviewed her cousin's character, contrasting it with that of Mr. Kellogg, it showed so shallow, so uncultivated, as to arouse her wonder how she could ever, even in the freshest days of inexperienced girlhood, have seemed to love him. She no longer had to wonder at that—neither that she had outgrown him. He was the only gentleman with whom she had ever associated, excepting queer, dear old Uncle Peter; he was handsome, gay and gallant, and it would have been strange if she had not loved him. Now her own nature had deepened and strengthened with trials and knowledge of the world, she knew something of her own intellectual powers, of what she was and would like to be, and a man like Brantthope could have been no more to her a companion than a wall. She was no longer a girl, but a woman, who was all fancy or soul could picture. To love him—to be loved by him! Ah, why did her miserable destiny so blight her life in the beginning.

"Was it not Fate, whose name is also Scrow," who had brought them together, that she should have loved him? Hot tears welled to her eyes; and yet, as we have said, a sudden sweetness bloomed and would not be repressed.

Before she left her state-room she had resolved to tell Mr. Kellogg every particular of her past life, that there might be no misunderstanding about their relations. If her story made him her friend, that was much—a great gain to her—he and she would both understand there could never be anything more than friendship. This resolve gave her a dignity, which almost availed the glowing, audacious delight in the actor's eyes, as they met hers over the breakfast-table. He was accustomed to success in all his undertakings; flattered always, he fully expected to be as happy and prosperous in his love as all else. Meeting throngs of women in every class of society, who praised and petted him, he had been astonished at himself for allowing his heart and duty to be taken captive by this quiet, unknown girl.

"Never mind," he had mused, on his part, "after what we saw of her powers last night, I shall have reason to be proud of her. She will be as great in her way as I am in mine. She is a lady, and well educated, and that she is innocent itself, I could swear. She has promised me a history of her life. Very well. I will be discretion itself until after I have heard it."

The tenor of his musings ran thus; but then these musings were overruled by a thousand other things, and he put in words—a jumble of tropical richness, full of birds that would sing and flowers that would burst into beauty, until he had gone to breakfast with his thoughts and feelings in a perfect chaos, over which happiness sung triumphantly, and those elegant eyes had flashed their joy into the serene ones of Juliet.

After breakfast they walked together on the hurricane deck for a long time; other couples were promenading also, for the day was delightfully calm and warm for the season; Margaret, realizing that, as an unprotected woman, she ought to be doubly careful as to her conduct, would not have made herself conspicuous by walking alone with him. Surrounded by a dozen others, she still found opportunity to tell him the little story she had promised; he listening to it eagerly, breathing to himself certain that an immense favor to her, and intended to patronize you to my heart's content when you come among us."

Margaret smiled happily; troubled as she was by the venture yet before her, ere her feet could plant themselves on the golden shores of the future which lay in sight, she felt strong and brave in the consciousness that some one loved her and stood ready to defend her in case of danger. The dreadful loneliness of her life, since Uncle Peter's death, loomed up more gloomy than ever in the light of this new society; she was like another creature, now that she had friends and something to hope for, apart from that sweetest promise of all, which, of itself, would have been enough to fill life with bliss.

"Let us call Mrs. Matthews now, and begin our confidence," she said, more prudent than her anticipations warranted, which might be made upon their prolonged interview. So the two approached the "leading lady," who, at this moment, was discussing with her husband the pros and cons of the case before them—which was a request, prepared by a committee, in the name of the whole, that last evening's entertainment be repeated this night, for the edification of the company, and the further benefit of the consumptive invalid. The manager was inclined to think he had exerted himself sufficiently; but his lukewarmness was gradually overcome by the order of the officers, and it was soon arranged that the programme should be re-enacted. This gave all parties enough to do for the remainder of the day. Margaret shut her eyes to the dreary journey before her, allowing herself only to remember that she had three days yet of happiness in the society of him who had so soon become of so much importance to her, and that this night she was to enjoy, for two brief hours (but in an hour a lifetime may be compressed) the enthusiasm, the strange pleasure and exaltation of soul and sense, which had accompanied her performance the previous evening—a state like that of a person etherialized by hashish into a heaven for which, in waking hours, there is no earthly counterpart.

Again the small audience sat and stood enchanted, overpowered by the acting of the lovers—lovers now in reality, and not in name. Their hearts words which impressed each listener with a sense of truthfulness. Again slow tears dropped down even weather-bronzed cheeks when Romeo mourned over the corpse of Juliet, lying pale and breathless in its tomb. And again the unknown passenger, stationed at his window, watched the scene with furtive eyes, muttering at the death-scene, between his teeth, some words which, if the actors had heard, would have aroused even the dead Juliet from her untimely tomb.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 351.)

I intended to-day. I had determined to be cool and cautious, and what the world calls "prudent." But who can think of prudence in connection with you, Juliet? I shall always call you Juliet. I must tell you that I shall, in this dreary interval, always be living over our last night's experience. I shall never play Romeo again with any other lady, no matter how loudly the people call for it. That I play Romeo is immaterial to you and me. There is not a word in it too impassioned to express me—it is not half what I would say, if there were more or better words to say it in! What is it, after all, but what may be resolved in the little sentence—'I love you! I do love you, Margaret or Juliet, who ever she is in sight, has to come from America, with that little document attesting your release, I mean to marry you off-hand—that is, if I read your eyes aright last night."

"I don't know what my eyes said, Mr. Kellogg," spoke Margaret, looking up firmly, "but this I know—another creature, now that she has such things while I am bound to another. Wait until I am free—then—oh—"

"What, my Juliet?"

The sudden light and splendor over her countenance answered him.

"Not a word more now," she said. "But this I will tell you—how much it will strengthen me for the task before me, to know that, when it is over, some one waits to—"

"Be blessed beyond all men."

"And now, Mr. Kellogg, how much of this had I better confide to Mrs. Matthews?"

"Leave that to me, if you will. I will speak with her this day. I will tell her, plainly, that you and I are engaged."

"No, Mr. Kellogg. I am in earnest in what I said. We must wait until I am no longer another man's wife in name."

"Of course. But I shall begin to think you Catherine the Shrew instead of my loving Juliet. I will tell her, then, that you are to join our profession, but that important business calls you back to New York for a few weeks; that she must be very kind to you, for my sake, as I have an immense favor to ask of her, and intend to patronize you to my heart's content when you come among us."

Margaret smiled happily; troubled as she was by the venture yet before her, ere her feet could plant themselves on the golden shores of the future which lay in sight, she felt strong and brave in the consciousness that some one loved her and stood ready to defend her in case of danger. The dreadful loneliness of her life, since Uncle Peter's death, loomed up more gloomy than ever in the light of this new society; she was like another creature, now that she had friends and something to hope for, apart from that sweetest promise of all, which, of itself, would have been enough to fill life with bliss.

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 351.)

THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG NIMRODS.

BY OLL COOMES.

III.—GEORGE RETALIATES.—JIM'S LONG, LONELY VIGIL.

We shuddered at the revolting deed, and more than one hand sought a weapon to avenge the murderous assault upon the life of the Indian, the moment, quickly arrested it.

"Silence, boys," he said, "don't budge a peg. The woman will be avenged if whisky did do the deed; besides it would only make matters worse for us to tamper with the wild, drunken, mad devils—do you see that?"

We saw the sober Indians seize the murderer and drag him to the earth. We saw them bind him hand and foot, and after heaping indignities upon him, leave him there moaning and howling in his drunken fit.

The wild revel now changed to weeping and wailing over the murdered woman, a ghastly pallor over the dance. The fire burned lower and lower—until only a dim twilight pervaded the encampment. We kept our watch for some time longer. All finally became quiet in camp. Now and then we could hear a dusky shadow moving to and fro about the fire, like a figure in a panorama. Ever and anon a piercing, blood-curdling cry would thrill through the silent night from the lips of the drunken murderer, like the shriek of a demon.

Our curiosity satisfied, we the highest degree, we returned to camp. We lit a lantern to dispel the gloom that seemed to lurk around us with murderous intent. We sat down in its light. Our faces must have worn a changed expression, for Uncle Lige smiled as he looked from one to the other.

"Boys," he finally said, with unusual seriousness in his voice, "you have seen something of the gipsy life of the friendly Indian, and that strong drink affects them the same as other people. I tell you whisky is an awful curse—it blights like an adder and stings like a serpent. I am a rough old dodger, and am called wicked in many respects, but I never touch a drop of the stuff unless for mechanical or medical purposes. I have seen too much of its badness—it's a curse. Now that poor devil of an Indian loved his squaw no doubt, but liquor got the best of him and killed her—dead in a door-nut—and, I dare say, his life 'll have to pay the forfeit."

"I hope he's the one that stole my swan," chimed in Jim, "and after they wallow him through that first slough of yours, they'll stick him into the other."

"Don't be too hard on him, Jems," replied our guide; "he but followed the instinct of his nature when he stole your swan. But, boys, let what you have seen to-night be a solemn admonition to forego strong drink."

"Unless for mechanical or medical purposes," said Jim.

"Exactly," responded Lige; "but, boys, it's time to turn in, and we must have a watch the night through."

"Yes, it's now nearly eleven o'clock," said Kemply, consulting his watch.

"Six hours to sleep," remarked Uncle Lige.

"One can stand guard until two o'clock and the other till sunrise; that'll divide the time. But I tell you the first watch will have to look sharp for fear them drunken devils come down here and murder us all."

As Bob was suffering of inflammation of the eyes, and I being a little hard of hearing, it devolved upon Jim and George to keep the watch over camp. And now a bit of a discussion arose between them—though in the very friendship of spirits—as to who should take the first watch. Uncle Lige proposed that they decide the matter by lots, and in doing so, the first watch fell to George. It pleased Jim to beat George at anything they undertook, and so he indulged in a hearty good laugh over the result of casting lots.

"Now, George," he said, assuming the role of an adviser, "you must be careful—very careful—or you may lose your hair. Don't think you are a con-hunt down in the woods of Pennsylvania, a thousand or two miles from a pack of bloody Indians, for such is not the case. After two o'clock there'll not be much danger, for the red-skins will be sober by that time. But of all you do, be careful not to wake me a minute before the right time. See that your watch is with me."

They consulted their watches and found they were exactly together.

Before retiring, a fire was kindled for the benefit of our night-watch, for the air was somewhat chilly. An ample supply of fuel for the night was also provided.

With a mysterious smile upon his face, George took his post, while Uncle Lige, Bob and myself retired to a couch in our covered wagon, while Jim rolled himself in a buffalo robe and laid down under the vehicle.

"Good-night, George," he called from the depths of his cover, "and mind that you keep a close watch, or off will go your raven locks."

"All right, Jems," said George to himself.

"I'll see something about this guard business. I owe you a lick for tampering with my gun the other night."

Silence fell upon the camp. Half an hour passed and Jim was sleeping soundly under the wagon. His respirations were long and deep, and when he slept soundly, a clasp of thunder would scarcely wake him. His dreams, however, must have been unpleasant, for he tossed about and struck out at imaginary foes. George watched him closer than he did the surrounding, and when assured he was asleep, he crept toward him with the stealth of an assassin.

Reaching his side, he bent over him and peered down into his face. His breathing, or rather his snoring, was sufficient evidence of deep slumber.

With a smile upon his boyish face, George reached down and carefully drew Jim's watch from his pocket. He opened it at the back and front. The hands indicated half past eleven o'clock. George took the key, which was attached to the chain, and inserting it in the watch, turned the hands forward until they pointed the hour of two. This done, he closed the watch and returned it to its receptacle, and, walking to the fire, took out his own watch and turned it ahead until it corresponded with Jim's.

Then he turned and awoke the sleeping Nimrod. He knew that Jim would not know but that he had been sleeping for hours, hence his movements.

Jim scrambled out from under the wagon, rubbing his eyes and muttering incoherently. His hair stood on end like the quills of a porcupine, and he looked drowsy and crabbed. Yawning a time or two, he advanced to the fire and consulted his watch. It was two o'clock to a minute.

"Just two o'clock," he growled. "You were devilish particular about waking me at the exact second."

"I've had a long, lonely time of it, James, and am glad to count time by the seconds," replied George. "Now you want to be very careful, Jim, for I was sure I heard subdued voices in the woods awhile ago." And having thus cautioned his relief, George retired to rest, taking the place so recently vacated under the wagon.

Jim threw a blanket around his shoulders, and, lighting a cigar, sat down before the fire. He had been there but a few minutes when a fearful sound smote his ears. He started, as though a bullet had whizzed past his head. His face grew white and his eyes dilated as he turned and peered into the gloom. The remembrance of the horrible scene at the Indian camp, the terrible visions that had haunted his sleep, and now that dread, unknown sound—all conspired to fill his breast with vague terror. He was not a coward by any means; still he could not shake off that terrible spell we have all felt when alone in the depths of night, surrounded by unknown dangers.

That fearful sound was soon repeated. It seemed like the laugh of a demon; but the look upon Jim's face now relaxed into an expression of relief. He recognized the noise—it was the scream of a night-owl.

Jim sat down and consulted his watch. He had been on duty only half an hour, and yet it seemed an hour.

The moments wore away into minutes. One, two, three hours passed. The watch told the hour of five, and yet there was no sign of light in the east. Jim had stood his three hours through, but, as it was not daylight yet, he made no complaint; he supposed a few minutes more would usher in the dawn. He heaped more fuel upon the fire, and lit a fresh cigar.

He puffed away for half an hour; then he drew a pack of cards from his pocket and indulged in a game of solitaire. Another hour passed, and still there was no light appearing in the east. Jim wondered if there could be any thing wrong with the solar system. He knew his watch was right, for it had never failed him; it was a genuine American movement—more over, it corresponded with George's. He resolved he would not arouse any of his companions for fear they would construe his restlessness and impatience into a want of courage. If George could keep his watch through without complaint, he could, too; and so he sat down to another game of solitaire. Before he got half way through the game, he fell asleep sitting bolt upright. His head rolled around upon his shoulders like a pivot; but presently a coal of fire snapped out and fell in his half-closed palm, and woke him with a sudden start. He looked up and glanced around him with a half guilty look, but seeing no one about, he sprang to his feet and began dancing around to drive away his stupor. He executed a few leaps backward, waltzed forward again, struck and sparred with an imaginary foe, and finally—consulted his watch.

Another hour had slipped away. It was seven o'clock, and still no light in the east.

He worried on, amusing himself the best he could, though he was completely puzzled over his watch and the non-appearance of day.

Finally, however, his patience was rewarded by the discovery of a faint redness along the eastern horizon. When dawn ushered in the day, it was after eight o'clock, and the sun should have been over two hours high.

As soon as I arose Jim came to me and asked to see my watch. The day previous, and, in fact, ever since we had Adrift, our watches had run on the same time, without varying a minute; but now there was just three hours difference in them!

"What in thunder does it mean?" exclaimed Jim. "She never went back on me before, and I—"

"No; but then you went back on my gun," said George, bursting into a peal of laughter.

Jim was no longer in a quagmire now—he saw through the whole thing. He had been sold.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLISTON.

Kiss me just once in the old, old days,
Days that were bright with sunshine and with flowers.
And mayhap with the thrill of your caress
I can forget the present bitter hours.
We loved each other in the sweet, lost past,
And counted not that coming years would blight
The glory of the summer's golden days,
And leave our path within the gloom of night!

Was it but yesterday that we two walked
The sunny woodland path where wild flowers grew,
Where daisies, starting all the grasses sweet,
Lent all their brightness to the emerald hue?
I see again the misty lights that hung
Like silver stars above the purple hills,
And hear the rustling of the whispering leaves
And the low, sad monody of distant rills!

I see the scarlet blooms that drooping hung
Like banners o'er the river's winding shore,
And blent their odors with the fragrant breeze
That swept the valley and the woodland o'er.
A spicy sweetness came from distant pines,
A golden splendor fell o'er meadows fair,
And silent gladness thrilled the hearts that knew
No shadow from the clouds of grief and care.

Yet blight comes ever after bud and bloom,
And so they came a day to my fond heart
Wien, with rebellious, bitter tears, I saw
Each tender hope that I had reared depart.
In light and mocking tones the word was spoken,
The tenderest of all words, "good-by,"
And then I felt that every tie was broken,
And that the flower of love must drop and die.

And as I stood that day and mutely listened
To your cold, mocking, last "good-by" again,
I wondered if I was loved or hated
That pulsed my heart with such a maddening pain.
For years no peace came to my troubled life
Save silence that is born of loneliness;
The mocking stillness that rebellious hearts
Find harder than the fiercest pain to bear!

And now we meet again when vanished years
Have robbed us of life's brightest, sweetest days;
Days when the world smiled on our youth and love
And held for us no rugged, thorny ways!
Yet I but hold a welcome for you,
And now a fierce, a maddening, nameless pain
Stirs all my heartstrings into eager wish
To hold you in my empty arms again—

To feel your kisses rain on lip and brow—
To hear you say once more, "I love you, dear."
I ask no more, yet for the sake of my companion
And all its losses should be bitter tears.
But kiss me once in the glad, old days,
And bridge with tender words the silence deep
That lies between us and the future,
I may no more, haunting memories keep!

And as I stand, I feel the old days
And as I stand, I feel the old days

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"Cannot is more correct English," said Madame, kindly. "It is my aim to make you all polished speakers of your native tongue. I am sure you will not offend again."

No, indeed, not if I can help it," said Minnie, smiling.

"Miss Brown, it is five minutes past school-hour," said Madame, severely, to a new-comer. Her tone had a very different strain from that which she had employed to Minnie.

The child passed on into the school more dazed than before. Were the heavens dropping manna into her empty cup?

Madame Lucon's kindness lasted the day through, and for several successive days.

Nor did aunt Sarah lose her new-found affection. She seemed trying to atone for past deficiencies in kindness.

Minnie seemed walking in a dream all these days. She could not see the cause of this sudden change, and was too young to trouble herself much about logical reasons. She accepted the fact gladly and asked no questions.

Her cousin was very attentive to her. He seemed to have no idea of engaging in any business, at least as long as he had any money in his pocket; and spent his time in the indefinite employment of lounging.

His attention to Minnie extended to occasionally accompanying her to school, or meeting her on her way home.

Minnie would chat with him with childish volubility, and quite failed to perceive a fact which escaped not his observant eyes. This was that she was constantly followed, in her comings and goings, by a ragged, disreputable-looking boy, who was in his turn followed by as ragged and disreputable a dog.

That he appeared to be troubled about the child, she would be lounging here, or hurrying forward there, now selling papers, and now carrying a package; but he was always in sight when she was on the street, and always kept her in sight until she vanished behind the doors of the school or of her home.

He could see the boy afterward during the day everywhere, even in localities of questionable character, for the young man frequented some places and kept some company not much to his credit.

This seeming persistence of the boy could not wholly be the effect of accident. There seemed to be too much method in it for that, and Minnie's cousin lost himself in conjectures of the lad's object.

Yet, instead of speaking directly to the boy he broached the subject to his mother.

"There he is, mother," he said, after telling her what he had observed. "I think it might be best for you to speak to the young vagabond. I am afraid that if I attempted it I might do him an injury."

"Don't see that there would be any occasion for that, William," she replied.

"I know the boy is impudent," he said, "and I am of a hasty temper. He might aggravate me too much."

"You should control your temper," she answered. "No matter, I will speak to him."

"Try and find out what his object is. I don't like this watching Minnie that way. You must force him to do something."

"I will not only threaten, but I will do it," he replied. "Minnie's safety is a matter of importance to us now, William. My brother, you know, is delicate, and may not live long."

A meaning smile passed between mother and son, as the latter turned away and passed into the house.

The boy stood erect against the corner of an opposite house, watching the ceremony of unloading a wagon at a grocery store near by.

He was a short, sturdy, shrewd-faced fellow, the bare skin showing through rents in his uncleanly clothes, while a shock of brown hair stood up like a plume from a hole in the top of his cap. His bare feet were visible through the holes in his shoes.

He crossed the street readily at her imperative call, whistling up his dog, who seemed doubtful about venturing into such austere company.

"What is your name, boy?" asked Mrs. Denton, in her sternest tones.

The lad leaned lazily against a lamp-post, and took a deliberate survey of the lady, from head to foot, before answering.

"It's Pete, when folks want to be polite, and it's Pete, when they're in a hurry," was his answer.

"And what do you want here?"

"Just to see what you're a-calling me for. Nothing else, I reckon."

"And is that why you have been hanging round this house for three or four days? I would like to know what a ragged young rascal like you wants in this respectable neighborhood?"

"Anything to put vittles in my mouth," said Pete, with a grimace. "Had a notion maybe you'd give me a job."

"You are watching an opportunity to steal," said the stern lady. "I will give you into the hands of the police if you continue to infest this neighborhood."

"The police! Nicodemus, are you a-listenin'?" asked Pete of his dog.

The dog responded with a disdainful bark. "Stand on your head, Nick, and wag your tail," commanded the boy.

The well-trained dog performed this difficult operation with apparent ease.

"That's what I keer for the perlice," said Pete. "Nicodemus, he knows. Don't see me dogs like that dog. There's good blood in that dog. He's a prime breed. Death on rats and rabbits, now I tell you."

"Ask about Minnie," whispered William Denton, peering out from a door behind his mother. He had evidently been listening to this conversation.

"That is not all," said the stern lady. "You have been seen to follow my niece, Minnie Ellis, to and from school. Tell me, sirrah, what your designs are, or I shall certainly have you arrested."

"I am innocent, ma'am. It's all on the sly." "Why, you insolent young rascal, how dare you? What do you mean?" cried the exasperated lady, advancing a step toward the imperturbable boy.

Pete laughed, defiantly. "Got the kerriage ordered, ma'am. It's to be a regular old-time blow-out, you bet. Two black nags and a dinky driver, and Nicodemus under the harness."

The dog, as usual, barked on hearing his name mentioned.

"If you don't see the little gal home to supper to-night, you kin know what's up. It's a set thing; you kin go your bottom dime on that. Good-by, ma'am. I'm off to my room."

Pete whistled for Nicodemus, and started swaggering away.

Madame Lucon remained coo exasperated for speech, shaking her hand menacingly at the impudent young gamin.

But her son ran hastily out of the open door. "Hold there, you vagrant," he cried, in a passion. "I have seen you following my cousin. I am going to be on the watch to-night, and if you dare follow her again I will break every bone in your rascally body."

"You will, hey?" said Pete, boldly.

"Yes, and send you to the lock-up into the bargain. I will see if young girls can't come home from school without being dogged by vagabonds. There is something up between you and some of the Toledo rascals. But, you have all got the wrong man to deal with if you stir me up."

"Ain't you a bit too windy, young man?" asked the undaunted boy. "I'm afraid you won't be able to cool your soup for dinner if you waste your breath that way."

The angry man made a rush at his antagonist. But Nicodemus sprang between with an angry bark and showed his teeth in a menacing way.

"Best hold your horses when Nicodemus is about," said Pete. "He don't allow no foolin'. Hope you said good-by to the little gal this mornin', for her and me is goin' to be spliced, sure!"

He walked away again with a most aggravating gait.

That evening, sure enough, Minnie failed to return from school at the usual time. But such delay was nothing uncommon with her, and her aunt hardly noticed her absence, until the supper hour had arrived, and she had not yet appeared.

She began to grow nervous, however, as supper-time passed and Minnie was still absent.

Her son William now came in, and manifested the like uneasiness on knowing of this continued absence.

He had not had a chance of meeting her on her way home from school, as he had been out during the few days past. He immediately started out in search of her. It was two hours before he returned, having been unsuccessful.

Mrs. Denton, now seriously alarmed, hastened to the school, and to the different houses at which the child had been in the habit of visiting.

No trace of her was forthcoming. One of the pupils had left her at a short distance from the school, declining Minnie's invitation to visit a piece of woodland, beyond the city limits, to gather spring flowers.

Madame Lucon shared her visitor's excitement on hearing of the child's strange absence. She declared that the police must be informed immediately of this alarming circumstance, and a search of the city instituted.

It was now past eight o'clock, the night was cloudy, and it had grown quite dark. The alarm spread through the town, and numbers of the citizens joined in the search.

Evening deepened into night; the hours rolled on; yet the child continued missing.

The more alarming apprehensions began to be entertained. Some supposed that she had been drowned, remembering her former escape. Others talked of murder. Every contingency was debated. The search was extended far beyond the city limits with torches and lanterns.

Madame Lucon now spoke out.

"I have just been informed," she said, "that Mr. Ellis has been lately very fortunate in his gold-mining, and is now possessed of great wealth. Some villain may have heard of this, and have stolen the child to exact money from the father."

"She has been followed by a ragged boy, calling himself Pete," said Mrs. Denton. "He threatened me that she would be stolen this very afternoon. He must be arrested at once!"

The secret of the aunt's and Madame's new kindness was out. They had heard of the good fortune of Mr. Ellis, but their sudden affection seemed likely to be of little benefit to Minnie.

The night passed. A new day dawned. But a gloom rested upon the city, for the child was still missing.

CHAPTER V.
PETE AS A "LION."

THE excitement in Toledo was redoubled as the succeeding day advanced and no trace of the child was found. The town had been pretty thoroughly searched, the police entering every house which they had any reason to suspect. But the search was in vain, and the mystery deepened, hour by hour.

The investigation extended to the country, the alarm spreading for miles around the city, and arousing a feeling of intense indignation against the child-stealers.

There was no reason to suppose that Minnie had been drowned—the wood to which she had probably gone not being near any body of water.

But a child could not be thus stolen from her midst, and hidden so completely, it was a matter of the most serious character.

The unknown abductor might carry off the child of any inhabitant of the place with equal impunity. The security of the whole community was endangered if the stolen child should not be recovered and the abductor severely punished.

Several of the richer inhabitants of the place combined to offer a reward, and before night the walls were placarded with handbills offering five thousand dollars reward for the recovery of Minnie Ellis and the capture of the child-stealer.

Such an offer was well calculated to set all the people astir, with double assiduity, in search of the missing child.

Mrs. Denton had already made public her suspicions of the boy calling himself Pete. His name was all that could tell about him, with an indefinite description of his appearance.

Mr. Denton, William, searched the town through for him, but failed to find him. Pete had somehow managed to escape.

That night passed, and another day dawned on the quiet city.

Sympathizing neighbors the story she had told of Pete's escape, of the threats of the ragged vagrant, and of her mental certainty that he had stolen her niece, when, to her utter astonishment, the identical individual walked up to the group.

"Heard you was lookin' for me, ma'am," he said, "and thought I'd step up and report."

Mrs. Denton flung up her hands in intense excitement. "That is him!" she cried. "That is the young rascal! He threatened to steal Minnie! Catch him, somebody! Run for a policeman! He must be arrested!"

"There ain't no sort of hurry, ma'am," said Pete, coolly. "I ain't got no notion of runnin' away. Won't be no hurry here, I been afraid. Me and Nicodemus ain't on the run."

"Just hear him!" said one of the neighbors. "The impudent vagabond! Mrs. Denton is right. 'Maybe she is,' said Pete. 'I'm in for havin' this bizness settled, anyhow. Maybe I tuk off the gal and forgot it. Jist bringin' my perlice.'"

The good ladies assembled were somewhat staggered in their convictions by this unlooked-for willingness on the part of the boy. It was hardly the demeanor of guilt.

A hat-grown girl had hastily left the circle on the first demand for an officer, and now appeared, bringing one of these important public functionaries.

"So it is this young wharf-rat?" said the officer, on seeing Pete. "I always thought there was something wrong about this one. He is always fighting and getting into scrapes. Come along, my youthful offender. Who is going to appear against him?"

"I am," said Mrs. Denton, eagerly. "And my son, also. We both heard his threats. It was only a few hours before Minnie was stolen. He said—"

"That will do, ma'am," replied the officer, curtly. "Tell the squire what he said. There is no use telling me. Come, my cove; you are wanted."

He laid his hand heavily on Pete's shoulder. Nicodemus growled ominously, and showed his teeth.

"Best take your paw off, Johnny, if you don't want a real cutlet took out of your calf," said Pete. "Nick ain't pertickler, when he's woke up, whether it's a possum or perlice. I'm a-goin' with you; so don't fuss."

The officer seemed himself to think that the dog was in earnest, and hastily removed his hand.

"Come ahead, then," he said. "And I want all the witnesses at Squire Harvey's office below here."

He had all the witnesses, and half the town, it seemed, judging by the throng that crowded into the hall behind him and his prisoner.

The squire, a middle-aged, half-bald man, with round, consequential face, and wearing glasses, looked up expectantly at the crowd.

After the fashion of magistrates everywhere, fines and dues were the breath of life to him, and he hailed every new case as so much grist to his mill.

"Don't crowd in so, good people," he said. "We want some breath, and there's plenty of fresh air for you in the street. Who have you there, officer?"

"A boy suspected of having something to do with the abduction of Minnie Ellis," said the policeman.

"Ha!" cried the squire, pushing up his spectacles excitedly. "You don't tell me that? Who is he?"

"He is a boy who threatened to run away with my niece," cried Mrs. Denton. "He talked to me in the most tantalizing way. And he said—"

"There, there, there! That will do," exclaimed the squire. "You don't tell me that? Who is he?"

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"There, there, there! That will do," exclaimed the squire. "You don't tell me that? Who is he?"

"Don't you know your father's name?" asked the squire.

"Dunno if I ever had any," said Pete. "If I had, he emigrated afore I knowed anything. All the extra name I got is what the boys gin me."

"What is that?"

"Fleasome Pete, they call me."

A stir went through the throng at these words, accompanied by a loud murmur.

"Silence there," cried the squire, severely. "What is the matter?"

"Why, squire," cried one of the auditors, "this is the very boy who saved Minnie Ellis the other week, when she fell into the river. This is all the thanks he gets for it, to be arrested for stealing her. It is a blasted shame."

"Who asked your opinion?" demanded the squire. "Are you hearing this case or me?"

"It's so, anyhow," persisted the man.

"Is that the fact, boy?" asked the justice. "Did you save the child's life?"

"I dunno," answered Pete, carelessly. "Speet the steamboats mought have fished her out if I hadn't."

"But you saved her?"

"I jumped into the Maumee, that's sartin, and grabbed the little gal. Didn't quite like to see her go to the fishes."

Pete was the most unconcerned person present. An excitement possessed the throng on finding that the child's rescuer stood accused of being concerned in her loss.

Mrs. Denton, with a revulsion of feeling, pressed up beside him.

"I withdraw the charge," she cried. "I was hard on the boy, and that is why he was so impudent to me, I suppose."

The good lady had quick and tender feelings, when they once touched through her crust of every-day hardness.

"Very well, ma'am," answered the squire, impatiently. "I will never get through this case if there are to be so many interruptions. Where do you live, boy?"

"Down in Gray's Court."

"Who with?"

"Old Meg."

"Meg what? Do you belong to a one-named species?"

"If you'd hear her once, you'd think Meg was names enough," said Pete.

"What do you do for a living?"

"A little of everything, and not an extra lot of anything."

"I wish no impudence. Give me an exact answer."

"I carry bundles, hold horses, black boots, sell papers, and I wash, I play circus, tend store, polish lamp-posts."

"Hold there!" cried the squire. "That will do. You seem to be very numerously employed. How came you to tell this lady that her niece was to be stolen?"

"She aggravated me 'bout the gal, and I wanted to worry her; that's all. Dunno a cent's worth about it."

"How came you to follow her in the street, then, as this other witness testified?"

"He's a galoot, squire, that's what he is," said Pete. "Me spend my time followin' a gal I like a joke, but that's a bit too good. I'm kind of everywhere, every day, and he sees double sometimes. I reckon. Got too much business of my own on hand to follow gals."

"I see nothing against the lad," said the squire to the audience. "His saving the child's life is proof that he had nothing to do with her loss. These witnesses have evidently taken too much for granted. What will you do, Pete, if I discharge you? I don't like to bear of your leading the life of a vagrant. You must try and get into some steady employment."

"I ain't no vagrant," said Pete. "I've got a home for my nights, and plenty of bizness for day time. I reckon I know what's a vagrant."

"If you come before me again, boy, I fear I will have to commit you. You are leading an indolent and dangerous life."

"I've got plenty of work out ahead," said Pete.

"What kind of work?"

"I'm goin' for that gal, and the five thousand to boot; if I ain't, I'll sell out. Bound to bring her, too. Brung her once afore, and guess I kin do it ag'in."

A laugh ran through the crowd as they filed out of the office, followed by Pete, who was the lion of the hour. Nicodemus was waiting with a warm welcome for him, as he passed, a free boy, into the street again.

The squire beckoned slyly to the officer, to remain behind.

"Keep an eye on that boy," he said. "The young rogue knows more than he will tell."

CHAPTER VI.
PETE IS "POSED."

PETE went to work without delay, as he had promised. He had a double incentive in seeking Minnie Ellis. First, the interest which he had taken in the child, despite his assumed rudeness. Second, the hope to gain the reward offered.

The magnitude of

like just yet, anyhow. Runs in my head that the oon's in Toledo. Hope he ain't put the gal under the sod, or planted her in the lake. He's devil enough for it. But I'm fur him like I'm fur a sick cat. I'm fightin' for that little gal now, I am!"

There was something dangerous in Pete's expression as he talked thus to himself. Boy as he was, there was the soul of a resolute man in his face. The officer who had been instructed by Squire Harvey to keep him from finding this no easy matter to do, without raising the sheriff's suspicions.

He was able, however, to watch him sufficiently to conclude that his erratic movements were due to the fact that there might be something in the squire's doubts. Pete had almost given up his regular rambles, and was on the go, all day and half the night, without any apparent object.

This was certainly suspicious, and the officer's careful surveillance was redoubled in vigilance. Meanwhile the excitement in the city was growing in intensity as time passed and no trace of the child was found. The gravest doubts were entertained, and the whole community was shaken to its center with anger and fear.

Not only in Toledo, but in the country around, and in all the towns and cities within a circle of a hundred miles, were the people and the officials on the alert.

An abduction like this was most alarming and dangerous. If this child could be stolen and hidden for days from the vigilant eyes which had sought her in all directions, there was no safety in any family, the pet of any household might be taken in like manner, and held for ransom, or foully dealt with.

The reward, also, was a strong inducement to extreme energy in search, and thousands of shrewd men were on the alert to work up the slightest suspicious circumstances.

But, the hours and days were passing, and no discovery had been made, no trace of the lost child found.

This excitement resulted in a public meeting, called by some of the wealthier citizens, to inaugurate still more decided measures, and, if deemed advisable, to increase the reward.

The city hall was crowded, and a number of eloquent speeches made on the subject, in which the measures which had been taken were fully described. There were, it is true, several speakers, but the police authorities of which these eloquent citizens happened to be ignorant.

But, neither speaker nor speaker had yet been successful in the slightest degree. Some dozen or more persons, accompanied by young children, had been arrested in different places. But in every instance the child was found to be unlike Minnie, photographs of whom were in the hands of the police.

The set speeches over, the meeting became more ebullient. "The poor little creature's been drowned," cried one of the same individuals who had rendered himself prominent by his tipsiness at the squire's office. "I move that we drag the river; and if that won't do, drag the lake."

"Hud! we best drag the ocean and be done with it!" asked a sarcastic person in the audience. "It seems to me that there has been a radical defect in the mode of offering the reward," said another.

"If the gentleman has any suggestions to offer we will be glad to entertain them," remarked the chairman of the meeting.

He puffed speaking rose in his seat and fronted the chairman.

"The reward is offered for the recovery of the child and arrest of her abductor," he said. "This, I think, is an error. He will certainly take good care that he is not caught either. But if the reward was offered for the child alone the child-stearer himself might be induced to return her, for the sake of the money. Or some party not willing to betray him might be tempted to return the child."

"I think that a very good idea," said another member of the meeting. "except that it would remove all inducement to seek for the abductor himself. I fancy our friend does not desire such a commendation as that. My view is that a double reward should be offered, a fixed amount for the child, and an equal sum for her stealer."

"The gentleman speaks," broke in another, "as if the reward was the only inducement to this search. So far as I am concerned, I would be sorry to admit that it is any inducement at all. I have a family. I have children. My wife and I, their safety is the strongest inducement to me. Fellow citizens, shall we offer a premium to crime, by taking the very action for which this villain may be waiting? He may return the child for the reward, but to-morrow he may steal another of our children; perhaps mine; perhaps yours. Is it our aim to produce this result? I would gladly admit that I fully sympathize with the friends of this poor child. But we have a higher duty to perform, a duty to the community at large, to which all individual claims must yield. We must not admit that I fully sympathize with the friends of this poor child. But we have a higher duty to perform, a duty to the community at large, to which all individual claims must yield. We must not

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LINGER NEAR ME, DARLING.

BY EMMY E. HENFORD.
Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Linger near me, little treasure;
When I have no more to say,
I forget all care and trouble,
And that I may life be true,
Remember only, darling,
That the one I love is near.
In the sunshine of whose presence
All the shadows disappear.

Linger near me, little treasure;
Let me look into your eyes,
Where the sweetest violets blossom
And the sunbeams smile and play.
Put your hand in mine, my darling,
And believe the words I speak,
Near my rose was favor
Than the roses on your cheek.

Linger near me, little treasure,
While the days are going by;
Meet me with a kiss at nightfall,
And the love-light in your eye.
Oh, my darling, life without you
Would be dreary journey here,
Let me keep you always near me,
For you're all the world to me.

SURE-SHOT SETH.

The Boy Rifleman;

OR,
THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROY," "DAKOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKBACK," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

HUNTED AND HAUNTED.

THE shouts that followed the announcement of the result of the shooting-match were deafening; and the young Ring-Eyed-Eagle-of-Sky-Puncher-Peak became the recipient of a hundred congratulations. Tom Grayson was the first to grasp the young stranger's hand, for since he had failed to win the prize, it afforded him supreme pleasure to know that Ivan Le Clercq had been defeated.

The latter stood off at one side among his little party of friends scowling with chagrin, and burning with anger at his defeat.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, in a whisper to his four companions, "if I can get old Podson to extend the time, I'll run up and release Sure Shot Seth, and let him come back and shoot the young braggart. Tom Grayson is tickled half to death 'cause I got beat, and I'd give an eye just to see him look down his nose, and that daubed-faced fool beaten."

"Here, youngster," the voice of Squire Podson suddenly broke in, as he handed the Eagle the rifle and accoutrements belonging to it; "here's the prize—take it, for you have won it fair and honorably, whoever you may be. The gun is loaded, and there's not less'n fifty bullets in the pouch, and powder in the horn to shoot 'em. Take it, and I hope you will make every shot count so long as you may possess it."

A faint scream of terror came from the direction of the woods some two hundred yards away, before The Eagle could respond, as he was about to do.

Every eye was at once turned in that direction, and to the horror of all, a maiden, whom all recognized as Emma Milbank, emerged from the woods at the foot of her parents' house. It was a terrible moment in the history of those people's lives, for all seemed paralyzed with the terrors of death. But all were started from their lethargy by another sound.

"Oh, my God!" burst from Squire Podson's lips, "the savages are at their hellish work already!"

Brave hearts trembled, and white lips quivered. Women fell faint, and children crouched with terror at the feet of their parents. It was a terrible moment in the history of those people's lives, for all seemed paralyzed with the terrors of death. But all were started from their lethargy by another sound.

"The savage has caught Emma!" was the terrible announcement that now pealed from a dozen lips.

True enough, the savage had overtaken her within ten rods of the edge of the timber, and lifting her in his arms was fleeing back to the woods with her.

"Stand aside for the Eagle-of-Sky-Puncher-Peak," shouted that mysterious lad, and swinging his newly-won prize to his shoulder glanced along the barrel and fired.

A yell of agony came down from the woods; and when all saw the savage stagger and fall, a shout burst from their lips; the Eagle had made another wonderful shot, and had saved the maiden from captivity.

With the speed of a deer the young marksman dashed out of the crowd and sped away toward the fallen foe. He met the maiden he had saved on the way, and exchanging a few words with her, ran on, passed the fallen savage and plunged into the forest and echoed in quivering intonations along the valley of the Minnesota. Scarcely had the sound died on the air, when forth from the woods south of the Openings a hundred half-nude forms rushed, yelling like demons.

With a cry of horror the surprised settlers turned and fled toward their homes. With the women and children in front, the men covered their retreat, fighting the foe as they fell back. The savages onward rush was checked several times; but nothing daunted, they rallied and renewed the contest fierce and deadly.

Soon became evident that the settlers could not repulse the foe, and so the retreat was turned in the direction of the stockade or fort, north of the agency. The savages seeing their intentions, attempted to thwart their plans by a general onslaught; but nobly and heroically did the valiant settlers fight for their wives and little ones.

Many, however, fell before the fort was reached and the gate closed between them and danger; and on the pages of history this struggle is known as the Massacre of Yellow Medicine Agency. On the same day, the minions of Little Crow, Inkpaduta and Little Priest, scattering out over the country, began a general massacre. Action in Meeker county, really became the scene of the first bloodshed, if we except that at the Hermit Hut, the home of the Boy Brigade. Fort Ridgely was closely besieged, and the country to the south overrun. The call to arms rung through the north, and everywhere the hardy young yeomanry of the land left the plow within the furrow and the harvest ungathered and rushed to battle. The woods of Minnesota rung wild with the war-whoop of the savages and the shouts of their enemies. But few troops were in the State. Forts Riley, Ridgely and Abercrombie could not muster over two hundred men, and so the savages had but little to contend with in their onward rush to the destruction of the whites. But history has recorded all the main facts of this terrible Indian outbreak. We have only to deal with one of the chains of incidents consequent upon the war, and which has escaped the notice of the historians.

When Emma joined her friends at the Openings, after the Eagle had rescued her by shooting down her captor, her first words were:

"Oh, they have got Maggie! the Indians have captured her!"

Before any one could respond, the savages burst from the woods, and all sought shelter in flight. Not until all those that had escaped were inside of the fort was the subject of Maggie's capture brought up. Then the father of the missing girl sought out Emma, and from her learned the particulars of his daughter's capture. But she carefully omitted telling the object that had taken her and Maggie alone into the woods.

Mr. Harris' agony and suspense became intense. The savages surrounded the fort, and there was no escape until darkness should set in. The sun was still two hours high, and during the time spent in waiting for the shadows of night, the distracted father made prepara-

tions for going in search of his child. A number of brave volunteers led to go with him; and among them were Ivan Le Clercq and his four boon companions.

There was one person among the band of besieged that noticed a wild look of uneasiness upon the face of Ivan and his party; and had it not been for the general excitement that prevailed among the crowd, others might have noticed that their looks were the outgrowth of a guilty conscience. Even their movements and very actions denoted guilt; and finally they went to one side and entered into a secret conversation—very suspicious and wholly unbecom-

"Boys," said Ivan, glancing furtively around him, "I'm afraid an awful crime rests upon our heads."

"You mean 'bout that Sure Shot Seth affair, don't you?" asked Rube Johnson.

"Yes," the Indians, I expect, found him and killed him," said Le Clercq.

"I've thought of that, too," added Gus Stewart.

"Mebby, though," said Abe Thorne, "Maggie and Emma let him loose before the Indians come; you know Emma run out of the woods near where we left him."

"S'pose we ask Emma," said Rube Johnson.

"Heavens, no!" replied Ivan, "for if he didn't get away, we'd have to tell the whole secret out; and if he should be found dead, we might get our necks stretched."

"We might ask her if she seen him," said Gus Stewart.

"No," persisted Ivan, "we don't want to say a word about him for all that; that's the way away when the shootin' match begun; and if we should go to askin' any questions, it might raise suspicion at once. Just keep still, and when I get out of this fort, I'll slip out into the woods and see if he is there yet."

Thus the matter was settled for the time being, and finally, when darkness set in, the father of the captive girl, followed by Ivan and party, and also, Tom Grayson and Harry Busby, stole out the fort, and away into the woods without discovery.

When near the point where they tied Sure Shot Seth to the tree, Ivan whispered to one of his companions:

"I'm goin' to drop out of the crowd now and slip out by myself, and if I can't overtake you in ten minutes, why, you will know that I can't find you, and so give the hoot of an owl; and if I hear, I'll answer."

All right, Ivan," answered his friend.

They had taken no precaution to hide their trail, nor the number of feet that made it. It ran rather zig-zag in its course, owing to the open condition of the woods, and always following the best route. From these facts, Mr. Harris and Tom Grayson, added to their own knowledge of the night, nor the solitude of the surroundings to inspire him with aught else than the gloomiest forebodings.

Ivan Le Clercq had no intention of injuring Sure Shot Seth. It was his intention to wander off through the woods, after the shooting-match had ended, with the ostensible purpose of hunting squirrels with the new rifle that he felt certain he would win; but at the same time he intended to happen to stumble across the luckless Seth and liberate him. Unfortunately, the Indians interfered with these arrangements, and Ivan knew not but he had added the crime of murder to his dishonorable trick. But cruel, envious, and treacherous as he was, the half-breed possessed a heart capable of the feelings of remorse and fear, and ever and anon, as he crept on through the woods and gloom, he glanced wildly back over his shoulders as if fleeing from the wrath of an inscrutable God.

He was well acquainted with every foot of the ground he was traversing, and, notwithstanding the darkness, he moved directly toward the thicket where he had left Sure Shot Seth. When within a few yards of the tree to which they tied the young trapper, he paused and listened. But all was silent as the presence of death. A chill passed over him, and he felt a lump in his throat seemed to grow larger and more depressing. A thousand ogerish forms seemed to unfold themselves from the darkness, and fill in endless procession around him. His brain reeled, his knees gave way, and he fell head-trampled. The thought of flight from the horrible spot entered his mind, but he seemed possessed of no power to execute the desire of his will. He seemed spell-bound and unable to move. He never knew or dreamed that he was the victim had been bound. Some horrible fascination drew him thither; and ere he was aware of the fact, he stood by the tree, motionless and breathless. He could see nothing.

He started back, as though he had touched the shining form of a serpent, and an icy chill was communicated by the touch to his whole body. For a moment he stood poised in the gloom, as immovably fixed as a stone statue. But, gradually recovering, he again put out his hand, and, touching the tree, ran his fingers over the bark, feeling for the rope with which Sure Shot Seth was bound. Some-thing that girded it and the body of Sure Shot Seth were the youth still there. Slowly he moved his fingers down, and when it came in contact with what he knew to be the rope, he started, with a low, gasping breath, as though his very soul had been suddenly convulsed.

The rope was still there, and he had no doubt now that Seth, living or dead, was on the opposite side of the tree, for the strands were drawn taut.

He called, in a low tone, but started back, crouching as with abject terror, at the sound of his own voice seemed re-echoed by the sepulchral voices of a dozen demons. Terror had wrought his brain to a frenzy. But now, wholly under the influence of fear, he moved about the tree, with his hand outstretched before him; and he had gone but a step or two when his fingers came in contact with something cold, unnatural to the touch. It was a human face, cold and clammy in death.

"Good God!" he involuntarily burst from the wretched boy's lips, and he turned to flee. But that terrible, invisible power seized upon him again, and held him by the side of his victim.

Ivan Le Clercq was suffering all the tortures of a guilty conscience. His heart sick and his head dizzy. Finally, the thought of detection and a more terrible punishment rose in his mind, and measures toward concealing the crime were suggested. He never stopped to think that his friends were equally guilty as himself, but reaching forward he seized the rope that bound the body to the tree. The stiffened corpse fell heavily to the ground. Ivan took up the rope and tossed it away into the brush; and, with the rifle which the wretched boy would soon make identity impossible, he turned and fled from the scene of his crime, with the blood of a fellow-being resting upon his soul.

CHAPTER XI.
THE LED TRAIL.

MR. HARRIS, accompanied by his young companions, pursued his way through the deep woods and lonely halls of the night. He knew not where they would find the captive maiden, but by scouting in all directions through the woods, hoped to gain some clue to her whereabouts.

Ivan Le Clercq's four companions hung on the rear of the party, eagerly listening for Ivan's call; but as the minutes wore away into an hour, and nothing of his approach being heard, the boys began to feel great uneasiness about him, and a thousand conjectures as to his prolonged absence passed rapidly through their minds.

Something of the same fear as that experienced by Ivan himself, began to smite the consciences of these four boys; and in tones of bitter an-

guish they expressed their regrets of having aided in the affair with Sure Shot Seth.

The perils that had so suddenly fallen upon these boys, the destruction of their homes, and the loss of friends, all conspired to render them victims of the deepest remorse and most painful fear. It was a punishment they were receiving for their bad conduct, their wicked ways, and cruelty to others who did not please them, or who refused to become followers of that young vagabond, Ivan Le Clercq.

Hitherto, these boys had been brave and fearless in the woods at night; but now, with the fear of retribution for the crime of murder hanging over them, they became timid and cowardly; and shrunk close to each other; and started, even at the snap of a twig, or the rustle of a bush, proving, beyond a doubt, that courage and strength comes only of a clear conscience—that cowardice is the offspring of evil.

For hours the party journeyed on through the woods, but as Ivan failed to join them, Rube Johnson plucked his three companions aside, and said:

"Boys, Ivan has either been lost or else got into trouble; and I don't think we'd ort to desert him. We're all to blame if Sure Shot Seth is dead; and I expect he is."

"Oh, I wish we hadn't tied him up to the tree," said Abe Thorne, regretfully.

"But then we didn't mean to have him killed," answered Gus Stewart.

"I know it; but then the law won't excuse ignorance, and if it's ever found out, we'll be sent to hang like Zeke Snyder did," said Rube.

"He exclaimed his frightened, horrified companions."

Here the conversation dropped, for Mr. Harris and the rest of the party had stopped to wait till they came up.

"Giving out, boys?" asked Harris.

"No," answered Rube, "we can follow long as you can lead, Mr. Harris."

"Well, I'm beginning to think that it's useless tramping 'round here through the night, and propose we camp here until daylight," answered Gus Stewart.

To this all assented, and then all but one lay down upon the earth to rest. Few eyes closed in sleep, however; the terrors and excitement of the day were too fresh in every mind to admit of the composing influence of slumber.

By daylight every man and boy was ready to march; and without a bite of breakfast they took their lonely way through the woods, trusting to Providence for something to eat.

Fortunately, they struck an Indian trail soon after sunrise, and although there was nothing in the trail to convince them that Maggie was in the party, all concluded that, as the enemy were moving away from the Agency, they had her in custody.

There had not been over five warriors in the party, and they had taken no precaution to hide their trail, nor the number of feet that made it. It ran rather zig-zag in its course, owing to the open condition of the woods, and always following the best route. From these facts, Mr. Harris and Tom Grayson, added to their own knowledge of the night, nor the solitude of the surroundings to inspire him with aught else than the gloomiest forebodings.

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"Yes; without any trouble, Maggie, thanks to you and Miss Milbank. This is the gun, and with it I slow Emma's captor, then ran into the woods in hopes of saving you, but was too late."

"I wonder what Ivan thinks of his treatment of you by this time?" she asked.

"I presume he thinks the Indians found me and saw me; and I desire that he knows no different until he has suffered in conscience, if he has any conscience at all, sufficient to make a better boy of him."

"He is a bad boy, and I am afraid nothing will reform him," said Maggie. "Then you have not seen anything of them since yesterday?"

"Not of Ivan; the other four were with your father a few minutes ago; but I know they failed to recognize me."

"Oh, dear! dear!" cried the maiden, as her mind reverted to the horrors through which she had so recently passed; "I hope I will not have to pass through another such night of peril; but then if an Indian war has begun, we may all be slain."

"Do not borrow trouble, Maggie," said Seth, his eyes beaming with a light of admiration; "as soon as the news reaches the government authorities, troops will be sent in to quell the savages."

"But it may be too late to save us, then."

"We must trust to fate, and not give up until resistance and perseverance are no longer of avail."

Scarcely had he spoken the last word when a bullet whistled past his ears and flattened against the rock behind him. Glancing along the east shore he saw a cloud of smoke hanging upon the edge of the woods, nearly two hundred yards away. The distance, and the close proximity of the shot to his head, caused him to marvel; for he knew that, as a general thing, there were no such shots among the savages.

For fear that another shot might be more successful, he withdrew with Maggie to the interior of the island, and they concealed themselves in a sort of a cave or a pocket in the rocky slit. Here they would have to wait until darkness came to their relief, and the moments that the young people were passing in each other's society were moments of supreme joy, which the surrounding danger and their situation gave an air of wild romance.

Surely Seth became deeply interested in Maggie, and that interest gradually deepened beyond mere friendship. From the moment he had met the maiden in the forest, her blue eyes and radiant, girlish face, threw the enchantment of love around his boyish heart. It was his first love, and, scarcely conscious of the power that had come over the spirit of his usually free and light heart, he had been led on to risk danger and hardships in search of her, to gratify that strange longing which, he finally admitted to himself, was the longing of love.

On the other hand, Maggie had conceived an admiration for Seth that was fast developing into reciprocal love, and Seth was not slow in noticing her confidence and trust in him. But, both were young and unsophisticated in the workings and changes to which the human heart is susceptible; and so permitted no doubt, no fear, to cross the untroubled tranquillity and pleasure of love's young dream.

As the moments were away into minutes, and the minutes into hours, the attention of the young people was suddenly drawn to the form of an Indian standing on the southern shore of the lakelet. He was over three hundred yards away, also Seth would have been tempted to try his new rifle in Maggie's hands.

From appearances, he was a young war-chief, decorated in all the paraphernalia of barbaric finery. His scarlet blanket flashed brightly in the sun, and contrasted handsomely with the spotted jaguar skin that girded his loins. His movements were somewhat awkward and stiff, as though unconsciously to the dignity required of one of his position.

"There seems to be more of the white man than the red-skin about that fellow yonder," said Seth, "and if I mistake not, he is a white man."

"I am sure the announcement gives me no more hope than ever," answered Maggie, "for I would rather be the prisoner of a red Indian than a white one."

"Yes, ten times, Maggie," answered Seth; "but I don't propose that you shall be either; if I can help it."

They watched the chief until he had left the beach, then entered into a discussion of the events of the day. And thus the day wore away without any further demonstration on the part of the enemy; but about sunset a sharp and vigorous firing was heard in the woods east of the lake, and that a battle was going on, Seth had not a single doubt.

Night finally closed in and put an end to the firing; and now Seth and Maggie became restless and uneasy. He knew the enemy would avail themselves of the cover of darkness to regain the island and their fair captives, and as they were likely to come in force, it would be impossible for him to repel them. He was unable to do any thing toward the construction of a raft during the day, and now the darkness made it almost impossible. His only hope lay in Maggie's friends coming to their relief before the Indians got there.

The moon would not be up before ten o'clock, and the gloom was rendered more intense by the gray mist that hung over the lake.

Seth silently paced the shore in eager anticipation of the approach of friends, ever and anon halting to listen for some sound. But a deep silence reigned. Not a breath of air was stirring—not a ripple chased the island.

With her shawl drawn hood-like over her head, Maggie, tired and hungry, sat under a ledge within the sound of her young protector's footsteps.

Suddenly the discharge of firearms burst upon the night, heavy, sullen, and stunning; and was followed by yells and groans that fairly chilled the blood in the veins of Seth and Maggie.

The latter sprang from her seat, and, running to Seth's side, grasped him by the arm and exclaimed:

"What did that mean, Seth?"

"I am afraid that the friends we have been waiting for, and the Indians we have expected, have run together in the water," answered Seth; "from the sound, however, I think our friends were the ones that fired."

Silence succeeded the murderous discharge of weapons. Not a sound could be heard, and what the result of the collision had been, Seth could not tell. But in the course of a few minutes the sound of waves breaking upon the island became distinctly audible. As there was no air stirring, our friends knew a boat must be approaching.

In a breathless silence they waited and listened. Soon the faint dip of a paddle was heard, and Seth strained his eyes into the gloom, and was soon enabled to make out the dim outlines of a long boat creeping toward them across the lake.

The silence observed was sufficient evidence of itself, that the craft contained enemies; and making this fact known to Maggie in a whisper, the two stepped back under the shadow of a shelving rock, and waited the approach of the craft, Seth with his revolver in hand.

The danger that threatened the young folks seemed to strengthen their eyesight, or else, at this juncture, it became somewhat lighter, for they were now enabled to make out the dark length of a long "dugout," with three persons seated in it, quite distinctly.

The prow of the craft soon touched the island when the occupants landed, and having drawn the boat partly upon the beach, turned and moved cautiously away across the island. They passed within a few paces of Seth and Maggie, and no sooner were they out of sight than Seth whispered:

"Now's our time, Maggie. Let us jump into their boat and flee."

Maggie made no dissent, but, taking hold of Seth's arm, permitted herself to be led to the boat. Stepping into the craft, Seth assisted the maiden in and to a seat. But the instant she

sat down she uttered a little cry of terror, for her seat moved under her—a savage, who lay curled up in the craft evidently for that very purpose, sprung to his feet and uttered a yell. But it was his last. Scarcely had the sound died upon his lips ere Seth's revolver flashed in the air, and he fell overboard into the lake, his limbs beating the water in his last agonies.

But Sure Shot Seth now found himself in a dilemma from which there was no escape. Before he could get the dugout out, or seek shelter among the rocks, the three savages were upon him. He turned and met them, a revolver in hand. One of them shot past him, and, leaping into the boat, seized Maggie. Seth was standing up in the prow at the time, and the impetus with which the savage landed in the dugout shot it out into the lake so abruptly that Sure Shot was pitched forward, head foremost, upon the beach.

As the youth fell, he fired his revolver and killed one of the remaining warriors; but before he could regain his feet the other had grappled and together they fought in deadly embrace upon the beach.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 353.)

WOMAN.

BY JOHN HARRIOT.

Woman, what art thou? Why dost thou thrive So firmly round the heart of man? A way to fly thee cannot find, But ever how to try to command. Art thou an angel sent from Heaven? For good or evil wast thou given?

At home in peace—abroad in sorrow— When on the land or ruffled sea, His joys from thee he still must borrow. Without thee, what a wretch were he! When wandering far, from pole to pole, Thou art his hope, his life, his soul.

And yet thou deem'st that those away Cannot these love as others do. That one who from thy charms would stray Possesses not a heart that's true! But, oh! his heart is ever thine; He roams the world thy smile to find.

The wandering heart when on the sea, As far he roves away, Will ever turn and worship thee! From thee it will not, cannot stray. For thou art forever his guiding star, His soul is thine, though he be afar.

Believe it not—he who can dwell Forever in his lady's bower Knows no the bosom's ardent swell, As hope dwells on the happy hour, When he is again shall tread the strand Where woman waves her magic wand.

BIG GEORGE.

The Giant of the Gulch.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MINER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CORRALED!

Out from the bush-screened tunnel, on along the beaten path, to and from the mining and rude huts, Bart Noble led his "forlorn hope" of cocked revolvers, each and every man eager for the death grapple. Separating at the bridge, they rushed down the narrow trail, shouting encouragement to their comrades and stern defiance to their enemies.

"What a fall from the sublime to the ridiculous—The two parties met at the bridge, works, staring at each other in blank dismay. Where was the enemy?"

"Sold by thunder!" snorted Bart, dashing his battered hat to the ground and grinding it beneath his heel.

Words were too feeble to do the subject justice, though an abundance of strong and highly-seasoned ones were flung around promiscuously. An outsider suddenly dropped down near the spot would have been told that "a case of the 'old' was in progress—'with every prospect of turning out a marvellous success."

This storm was too furious to last long; the overwhelming volleying gradually subsided to skirmish firing, from a general salute it became particular cursing—black words and blacker looks being concentrated upon one unlucky head. Jose Sylva, the leader of the "forlorn hope," was the object of a very bitter one to him, and for the moment his dejection made him look very much like a dejected trickster.

"Look at the damned greaser!" growled Pickler Dan. "I b'lieve he know'd it all the time, an' just coaxed us yere, so's to give them whelps more time to leavin'."

"Ef he did, he deserves hangin'!" said Gopher.

"Bring him up—the lyn' can!" came a fierce cry, from several voices, and it would have fared hard with the Mexican, only for the prompt interference of Bart Noble.

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"Bring him up—the lyn' can!" came a fierce cry, from several voices, and it would have fared hard with the Mexican, only for the prompt interference of Bart Noble.

"None of that follows. You don't tetch him without you crawl over my back fust! I'll go my bottom dollar on this feller. He s' got more cause to hate Big George than the best of 'em."

"I thank you, senor; you but do me justice," earnestly replied Sylva. "I thought sure we would find them here. And they may be, yet; there are the houses."

"The hint was enough. A rush was made and the buildings quickly searched. Only one person was discovered; black Dinah, still in a drunken slumber. Hoping to catch some information from her, two men grasped her ankles, two others her shoulders, then staggered beneath their load down the bridge, and, with water drawn from the river, the negroes received such a washing as she had not been blessed with in many a day. Gasping and half-strangled, she was speedily restored to consciousness.

Though she could tell them nothing, save that Big George and his two brothers had been in the gulch when she "went to sleep," the time wasted to her was not wasted, since it convinced all concerned that Jose had been acting throughout in good faith.

"Gentlemen," said the Mexican, speaking like one who had formed a desperate resolve, "there is one more chance; if the falls, the mine must give in before two hours. Hard work, but here is an old mission, which the ladrones sometimes used. Unless they are there, I am at a loss what to look further."

"Out and to horse, then!" cried Bart. "I'll hunt over every inch of California but what I'll have the cusses now! Lively, boys—you lead the way, pard."

Jose performed his duty admirably, and the vigilantes seconded him so well that scarce half a mile had they gone, when the "forlorn hope" of cocked revolvers, each and every man eager for the death grapple, were flung around promiscuously. An outsider suddenly dropped down near the spot would have been told that "a case of the 'old' was in progress—'with every prospect of turning out a marvellous success."

This storm was too furious to last long; the overwhelming volleying gradually subsided to skirmish firing, from a general salute it became particular cursing—black words and blacker looks being concentrated upon one unlucky head. Jose Sylva, the leader of the "forlorn hope," was the object of a very bitter one to him, and for the moment his dejection made him look very much like a dejected trickster.

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A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Another Christmas day is born
Upon the earth, let it be glad.
How fair the time, how sweet the morn
(I fear I'll carve this turkey, *Lord*)
Let songs of gladness (Mercy, Prue,
Did that wing fly into your lap?)
On this bright morn be sung anew.
(That fork, it was a sad mishap!)

The world is under frost and snow,
The Christmas sky above is clear,
(Carving with me is mighty slow)
And happy hearts are full of cheer.
They seem to rise on gladness wing
Above all care to-day. (How fast
A turkey's joints together cling)
And reverence turns toward the past.

Day hallowed by long centuries,
(Miss Jane, the brown meat or the white?)
What hopes make bright its horrid skies!
(There goes the dressing, what a plight!)
Gay cheeks warm up with tender blood,
(Miss Kate, what part do you prefer?)
And eyes shine out in merry mood.
(That hungry child, just look at her!)

Let harmony and peace so sweet
Rule all this day of perfect joy;
(I'll box your carol in my hat)
In better taste, now mind, my boy.
Peace and good will this day shall reign—
(Lord, wife, what makes this tea so hot?)
A happy meal, a blessed treat for all.
(My coat, there'll be another spot.)

Let gladness cheer the dearest day
In all the calendar of life,
(Please pass the pepper-sauce this way.)
And put an end to every strife.
That marks the earth. (Yes, forks were made
Long after hands) and let the sheath
On war-belts hide the knife's blade.
(That boy will choke himself to death!)

Nor yet forget the shivering poor,
Who know what hunger is, and pain,
(John, let me help you to some more.)
And cannot share the Christmas strain.
No feast to-day is set for them.
Unsweetened is their bitter cup;
This thought fills eyes unto the brim.
(This turkey, boy is this one up?)

The Christmas of the poor in haunts
Of hunger has but I tle cheer;
(Just half a cup they plead their wants;
Oh, lead to them a listening ear!)
The cheerful giver shall be blest,
(I've lost my appetite) the tones
Of gratitude shall cheer his breast.
(Here, Biddy, gather up the bones.)

Great Captains.

HORATIO NELSON,
The Victor of the Nile and Trafalgar.

BY DR. LOUIS DEGRAND.

If Wellington was the Hero of a Hundred Battles Nelson was the Hero of a Hundred Sea Combats that brought renown to the British navy, and added lustre to the British name. And almost equally with Wellington did he share the popular applause and command the government's confidence in his prowess. Wellington, indeed, was not Wellington when Nelson's star was in the ascendant. Arthur Wellesley was a colonel in the India service when the magnificent victory of the Nile (1798) covered Nelson with glory, and when Nelson's life went out at the terrible but glorious combat at Trafalgar (Oct. 1805) Wellington was still but Sir Arthur, having just returned from India, early in that year. His name and fame supplemented that of Nelson, and kept alive British dominancy in the work of destroying Napoleon. Nelson, called by some writers the greatest of British admirals, came of a peaceful strain of lineage and blood. He was the first son of the rector of Burnham-Thorpe, in Norfolk, and was born Sept. 29th, 1758. His education was but fairly commenced in the school at North Walsham, when, at twelve years of age, he was sent to sea along with his maternal uncle, Captain Suckling, of the Reasonable man-of-war. Being the fourth boy there was nothing for him but to carve out his own destiny—his only "setting out" a government appointment as midshipman. The Reasonable soon going out of commission, the young "midship" was off, but having struggled in a sea career he made a trip to the West Indies—during which, as an "apprentice," he saw sailor life as it was, in the transport service, and returned to England, we are told by Southey, "a good, practical seaman, but with a hatred of the king's service, and a saying then common among the sailors—"aft the most honor, forward the better man."

To cure this hatred—which, considering the boy's fearless and earnest nature, we presume was outspoken, much to the disgust of Captain Suckling again took Horatio in hand, and a cruise in the Triumph followed. And here it may be said, what he learned in that West India transport, of the brains in the forecastle and the inefficiency of the ward-room and the devotion to his orders was one secret of his remarkable achievements.

The young midshipman "tried his hand," as so many eminent British officers have done, in search of the North-west Passage—going on the expedition under Commodore Phipps, on Captain Ludwidge's vessel. We are told that, in all the voyage—which was one of exceeding adventure and peril—he behaved with a "skill, courage and promptitude" that won the encomiums of officers and men. Though but a lad in years, he then gave promise of his future greatness.

After a voyage to the East Indies, in the Seahorse, in 1777 he passed the examination for lieutenant, and was commissioned as second in the Lowestoft frigate cruising in American waters; but, as we then had no navy, the frigate had no active service. Nelson had his first independent command in the Hinchinbrooke, of which he was post captain (1779), and participated in the siege and bombardment of San Juan port; but in this service in the Gulf he sickened and went home to recruit.

Nelson came back to America in the Albemarle; and also held command of the Boreas. In this service was also the Duke of Clarence—afterward William IV. He was a "midship" in the fleet, and thus described Nelson, as he then (1785) appeared:

"I was a midshipman on the Barfleur, lying in the Narrows off Staten Island, and had the watch on deck, when Captain Nelson, of the Albemarle, came in his barge alongside, and appeared to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld. His dress was worthy of attention; he had on a full laced uniform; his hair, unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extraordinary length; the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice, for I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was nor what he came about. My doubts, however, removed when the Lord Hood (the Admiral) called on him, and he was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation, and an enthusiasm when speaking on professional subjects that showed he was no common being."

In 1787 he married and remained off duty at Burnham-Thorpe until 1793. Then the war with the French "Republic" broke out, and Nelson was assigned to the Agamemnon—a sixty-four gun-ship, and in June sailed in Admiral Hood's fleet for Toulon. This town finally surrendered to the British, "acting in behalf of Louis XVIII," and Nelson bore dispatches to Naples to Sir William Hamilton, the resident English ambassador at the court. In this mission he first met Lady Hamilton. She was the wife of the ambassador, and then in her twenty-seventh year. Though of low origin, and of questionable life record up to the date of her transfer, for a money consideration, to Sir William, by his nephew, she had become the distinguished diplomat's legal

wife, and by her wondrous beauty, her natural brilliancy of mind, and her genius for court and political intrigue was a person of immense influence in Naples. With this woman the great captain was destined to link his name and fame in a way that forms the only spot on his otherwise untarnished glory.

Sir William met Nelson, and on returning home told his wife of the affair, saying that he had met in the city a little man who could not boast of being handsome, but who would become the greatest naval man England ever produced. "I know it," said the acute minister, "from the very few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce that one day he will astonish the world."

Commencing with operations at Toulon, he entered upon a career of marvelous activity. He seemed possessed of a demon of unrest, and yet it was not that, at all—only his desire to add glory to the British arms. But the siege of Bastia (Corsica) he carried his men ashore and directed them in the batteries, after engaging and capturing the ship *Ca Ira* in a brilliant fight. And again at the celebrated siege of Calvi (Corsica) he was all through, shifting his flag to the larger and finer ship *Capitaine*, of seventy-four guns, he participated in the memorable, fierce and sanguinary combat of fleets that ensued, (February 13, 1797). He closed in with the man-of-war *Santissima Trinidad*, of one hundred and thirty-six guns, was engaged, and, after a long and desperate struggle, he was forced to retire. He was in Admiral Hotham's fleet in its action with the French fleet, March 15, 1795, and was made commander, (1796), from sheer brilliancy of his exploits. He was in the *Agamemnon* when he captured the *La Sabine*, but had to abandon his prize as the Spanish fleet bore down on him. He ran for the fleet of Sir John Jarvis, off Cape St. Vincent, (Portugal), closely pursued by the enemy's whole fleet, shifting his flag to the larger and finer ship *Capitaine*, of seventy-four guns, he participated in the memorable, fierce and sanguinary combat of fleets that ensued, (February 13, 1797). He closed in with the man-of-war *Santissima Trinidad*, of one hundred and thirty-six guns, was engaged, and, after a long and desperate struggle, he was forced to retire.

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For this wonderful performance—so like the work of our own John Paul Jones—he was made knight of the Bath, rear admiral of the blue, and given command of the in-shore squadron blockading Cadiz. He tried to carry that town by bombarding the forts were too strong for him, though the attack was one of fierce determination. From Cadiz he ran out to the Canaries and tried to capture the town of Santa Cruz, in Tenerife Island, but was repulsed in a very severe conflict with the forts and troops. In attempting to carry the town by assault, the admiral was struck in the right arm by a cannon-shot, and was saved by his son-in-law, Captain Nesbit, who bore the wounded man on his back to the boats. This shattered arm was amputated, and Nelson returned home to recover. A pension of one thousand pounds per year was the reward. In his memorial to Parliament he specifies that he had been in fleet action four times, in three of which he had used his own personal courage and valour; had participated in the taking of four towns; had served in the sieges of Bastia and Calvi; had helped to take seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers; had captured fifty merchant vessels; had been in action one hundred and twenty times; had lost a right arm and right eye, besides receiving other severe wounds. What a record for a man of forty years; and yet it was only a prelude to the more momentous and important service to come.

In 1798 he sailed with Earl St. Vincent, (Jarvis), who dispatched him to watch the progress and prevent the escape of Buonaparte's expedition, fitting out in Toulon, for some secret destination. But, before he had sailed, the expedition was gone—no one knew whither. So Nelson cruised all along the Italian coast and thence to Alexandria, Egypt, but finding no French fleet there returned to Sicily. There he first learned of the nature and strength of the French Egyptian Invading Expedition, and on the 1st of August, 1798, Alexandria—sighting it at noon, August 1st, 1798. Within the harbor, at Aboukir Bay, lay a fleet, composed of one first-rate, three second-rates, nine seventy-fours, four frigates, etc., etc. The French were in a line of battle, supported by heavy batteries on an island and strengthened by gun-boats.

With Nelson, to see an enemy was signal to fight. He was greatly inferior in guns, men and vessels to the French, but did not hesitate. Taking in the situation, he ordered a division of his fleet to pass inside of the French battle-line, while the rest moved along in front. This daring but masterly maneuver placed the enemy between two fires. The battle commenced as soon as the French movement was inaugurated, and before the astounded enemy could change to meet the peril, the action was precipitated. It was fearfully sanguinary. The French ships, one by one, were dismantled, and the admiral's ship, *Orion*, of one hundred and twenty guns, took fire and blew up. But the fight went on. All night long the struggle continued, and one by one the French squadron struck. At daybreak only two sail of the line of the French had their colors flying. These, seeing that all the others were gone, put to sea and were captured. This victory made Nelson the world's talk. He was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, received Parliamentary thanks, was voted a pension of £2,000, etc., etc.

Nelson steamed for Sicily to refit; thence to Naples, where he participated in the restoration of the Bourbons, whom the French had driven out, and—met Lady Hamilton again, to fall so deeply in love with her as to forget that he was a husband and she a friend's wife. Thereafter the entries into the life of the admiral, to be to him a divinity he worshipped with an idolatry surpassingly beautiful, if each had been free to love and wed.

Nelson next served as second in Admiral Sir Hyde Parker's fleet, dispatched to force the entrance to the Hellespont, but, after a "Northern Confederates"—Denmark, Sweden and Norway. Nelson volunteered to run the Catagat. This he did (April 2d, 1801), and then engaged the Danish fleet, by which seventeen ships and vessels of one hundred and twenty guns were captured. The Danish fleet, and since that day the straits leading into the Baltic has been a sea "thoroughfare" to all nations.

Nelson was now made a Viscount and his honors made hereditary in his family, even in the female line.

When hostilities reopened after the peace of Amiens (March 27th, 1802), Nelson was given command of the Mediterranean. He sailed March 10th, 1803, heading for Toulon, but, despite his vigilance, the French fleet escaped and headed for Cadiz. There joined by the Spanish fleet, it started at once for the West Indies. Nelson, though much inferior in strength, pursued, and the combined fleets returned to Cadiz, in October, having accomplished nothing, with Nelson constantly on their heels. The two allies, refitted and strengthened in Cadiz, resolved to attack the Briton, and on October 21st came upon Nelson's squadron, off Cape Trafalgar. The combined fleets consisted of thirty-three sail of the line and seven frigates; the British numbered twenty-seven of the line and four frigates.

Signaling to his ships, "England expects every man to do his duty," he ordered his flag-ship, the Victory, to close in with his old prize, the *Santissima Trinidad*, the enemy's flag-ship. Dividing his fleet into two sections—commanded by his own ship, the other by Collingwood, in the Sovereign, they went into action. Ship engaged ship. The struggle was awful. The Victory, closing in with the *Trinidad*, was soon flanked by the *Redoubtable*, and when he had supposed that vessel had struck, Nelson was shot by a sharp-shooter in her main-tops, as he stood on the poop of his own ship, in full sight of the enemy. The ball struck his epaulet and penetrated downward, making a ter-

rible wound, which he at once knew to be mortal. He was borne to the cockpit and survived long enough to learn that victory was his. Collingwood fought it out, and of all that splendid squadron less than one half escaped to Cadiz.

Nelson's death at the moment of victory greatly affected the whole nation. He was laid in state for six days, and a nation was in mourning. Then came such a funeral as never before was seen or known in the kingdom, and St. Paul's cathedral received the remains. There they now rest, side by side with those of Wellington, and like those of Wellington, treasured with a pride that a world respects.

Nelson being childless by his legal wife, his title and estates reverted to his brother, Rev. William Nelson. Lady Hamilton, of whom he talked and thought in his last moments, considering her and her child to the nation's care and consideration, was treated with a scorn that sent her into a miserable exile in France, where she died an object of charity. It may have been a proper punishment for her adventures and irregular life, but Nelson's solemn adulations to his country and friends to care for her and her daughter, render her neglect and anything else than a pleasant thing to contemplate.

The Newsboy's Christmas.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"SAY! Goin' to the Christmas dinner?"
"You bet!"
"I'm yer chap!"
"Hooray for old J. P.!"
Two newsboys had met where the avenue intersects with Sixth street, and stopped to discuss the subject which was uppermost in every newsboy's thoughts in the Smoky City that Christmas Eve—the annual dinner given by a certain newspaper man to their fraternity on Christmas Day.

"How awful good of him," said one, with a wistful look in his big, hungry eyes.
"Sartin sure, greeney!"
"Pshaw! tell that to the marines. 'Taint an overprize of generosity that calls him, it's—ducat," said another, dropping his voice as he came to a dramatic and stage-thrilling whisper. There was a general laugh, they separated, and the usual cry here and there upon the street soon testified that this was no holiday for them, whatever the morrow might be.

Even little Barney of the hungry-looking eyes, "greeney" though he was, mustered up courage to make his voice heard.
"Ere's yer Evening Leader—Leader—Chronicle!"

"Give me a Leader," said a young lady, leaning out of a carriage which had just drawn up at the curb.
"Never mind the change. Don't you remember me, Barney?"

Barney looked, and a sudden glow lit his countenance. Remember her! Yes, as he would have remembered a heavenly angel had such a vision ever crossed his path, for poor little Barney had a hard life of it, and no one else had looked at him with such kindly eyes, or spoke to him with such compassion as she, as once before had fallen from the lips of Myrtle Ventnor.

But now the fair face he remembered was lit with a strange excitement, and without waiting a reply, she went on eagerly:
"How many papers have you to sell? I'll buy them all if you'll do something for me, Barney. Will you? Here, then. Jump in and go home with me. Oh, Barney! you saved Muff for me, and now I do believe you can save me if you will."

For the newsboy, he almost believed himself in a dream as he sunk back among the luxurious cushions of the warm carriage, and saw the lovely face of the girl opposite turned to him in passionate appeal.

"I'm in a bit of trouble, Barney. I am to be married on New-Year's Day, and don't want to be Papa's all for the match, and that's why I ever promised, but I grow more afraid as the time comes nearer. The person I am to marry is a very nice girl, but she's a bit of a snob, and now I am almost sure he is not an honorable man. They will not let me off since I have promised, but Papa would if I could prove that to him, and I am almost sure I can if you will help me. Won't you?"

"I'd jump off the Spensden Bridge if you was to ask me, Miss Myrtle."
"You dear boy!" Tears were shining in Myrtle's eyes now, and she bent over impulsively, and kissed that tattered waif of the streets.
"I knew you had a good heart because you saved my poor doggie from being run over at the risk of the same to yourself. Now, I am taking you home with me so you may see Mr. Spensden, and the street with gold and silver, and other man, a ruffian by his looks, and heard him say, 'Then at three to-morrow I will be free of you.' He saw me at the minute coming out of a store, and pretended he had not been holding any communication with the other, but I know that he did not see, else he would never have connected with that rough-looking man so, I would be free. I want you to mark him so that you cannot possibly be mistaken, and then follow him; don't lose sight of him for an instant, and all I ask is that you find out what he has done at three to-morrow. If it should be something that will break off the match, you shall be like a brother to me always. Oh, Barney! I was very miserable, and seeing your face was like a gleam of hope. I feel sure that you will not fail me, though every one else has."

And Barney felt sure of it, too, though the grand Christmas dinner did flash up for a minute in his thoughts, then it faded slowly away, a vision of what never was to be.

The spot was in the midst of extensive lumber-yards and as desolate as you can well imagine, with the keen blast driving up from the river armed with tiny points of falling snow that cut spitefully against the hands and faces exposed to it, and covered the tops of boards and the faces of the men with a icy coating. The two men there were thinking little of wind or storm.

The one rose from the sheltered corner where he had been waiting as the ringing footsteps of the other came, and he saw that the man who was turned an angle they stood abruptly face to face.

"Oh!" said Dion Locke, recoiling slightly.
"You are here. I began to think you had not kept the appointment."

"Likely that I wouldn't. Have you brought the cash?"
"What else would bring me? Before you get it, however, there must be a closer bargain between us than I had time to talk of yesterday. Did you keep your word and come here without telling any one of your intention?"

"Of course. A bargain's a bargain with me, as you ought to know."
"And with me also, my friend. I want it understood distinctly that the payment of the money you have demanded ends all matters between us. I will give you a promise that no breath of what you know will ever pass to any of your low associates, and I want you to keep the promise. I will not be annoyed by you or any of your kind hereafter, remember that."

"Growing mighty particular of your company, aren't you now?" sneered the man.
"More'n when you were lagged for burglary along of three of us that thought ourselves as good as you was in them days."

"Take care," said Locke, in a tone of deadly quiet.
"I will take care when I have as much reason to be afraid of you as you have for being afraid of me. I've got you where I want you, Dion Locke, and there's no help for that. That wasn't your name, by the way, in the other times, and I don't know how you've managed to turn up here of all places as a relation of one of the first families."

"I am a relation," interrupted Locke, still quietly.

"Then they must find you a creditable one. Well, I do know you have got the wherewithal, and you'll fork over liberal, or I'll go to the old sardine with the handsome daughter, and tell 'em both in so many words that you served out your two years in the Western along with better men. You see I've got particular pains to inquire into your affairs. I've got you where I want you, and nothing but comin' down square upon the snail's gait to save you from bein' squeezed like a orange before I'm through with you. Be liberal with me; that's your only course."

"Is it? I, too, have you where I want you at last."
All the time he had been talking he was moving gradually back into the hollow space left by surrounding stacks of lumber, the other unconsciously following, and as he spoke those words a fierce light leaped into his face; his hand was uplifted, followed by a flash and a sharp report. A sure shot, for the other stumbled and fell forward upon his face quite dead.

The murderer stooped over his victim to make sure of the fact, and, raising suddenly, started back with a frightened ejaculation breaking over his lips.

He had caught the momentary glimpse of a pallid, elfish face peering at him from above. He made a dash for the spot, but the light figure had slipped down. The alleys were dark and intricate, and his subsequent search failed to reveal to him the witness of his crime. He had a good memory for faces, and knew he had seen that one before; after an effort of recollection, he remembered where. It had been lifted toward him for a moment on the previous evening as he descended the steps from Mr. Ventnor's door.

Perhaps it was that recollection; perhaps it was only a wish to prove something as near to an *alibi* as possible, should the necessity for it occur, which led him to make all possible speed for the place where the boy was waiting. But the fleet-footed, lighter-bodied messenger was before him.

As Mr. Locke was admitted, the very face which was haunting him glanced forth from the gathering shadows of the hall, and the look of terror that had worn as it peered down upon that scene of horror, sprung to it again. With reason, too, for everything but the storm of rage sweeping through his evil soul was forgotten by the man. He took a stride forward; his sinewy arms were about to charge upon the boy's throat; for one instant poor Barney, the victim of his wrathful desperation, swung in the air, and then he was flung with crushing force against the opposite wall, and fell a senseless heap upon the floor.

"Now, tell tales if you can," Locke muttered; and an instant later woke to a realization, which his rage had blinded him to before, that others stood around.

Myrtle sped past him with a pitying cry to kneel beside the boy, and Mr. Ventnor faced him passionately.
"You villain! You have added another crime to your list without avail. He has told us his story, and however I was inclined to regard it before, I have no doubt now. Your brazen punishment, thank God!"

He turned to an officer who appeared upon the outer threshold at the moment—one for whom he had sent to receive the boy's testimony—whom he was about to charge now with a different commission; but Locke realized his danger, and, dashing them both out of his way in his forward rush, escaped for the time.

For the time only. He was finally apprehended for the murder, tried, and sentenced to life-long imprisonment, that modification from the death sentence following when it was proved that the murdered man had been a thoroughly disreputable character.

And for Barney, he was as tough as a newsboy could be, and lived after all the rough treatment he had received, to know that disastrous Christmas Day as the opening to a very different life. He has never gone to the newsboys' annual banquet to this day; but he does not forget that he was once one of them, while he is repaying the kindness of the Ventnors in the full measure which a bright and clever boy could do, by close application to the studies they have placed within his reach, and that he will do honor to himself and them I do not doubt.

A Man's Blunder.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

TWO RICHMOND looked handsome enough to have captivated any girl's heart, as he stood leaning against the mantel, looking down with laughing eyes on the girl who was sitting on the low hassock in the bay-window—such a pretty, fairy little thing, with golden hair tied back from her blossom face, and the dearest, prettiest pair of vivid lips.

Very sweet, very lovable, but with a despondency on her face that had no business there, with a little pitiful quiver on her warm lips, that she did not see, else she would never have stood looking so mischievously at her.

"Take my advice, Lily; we fellows know what's what in such cases. Take my advice, and don't let Rex Merle make you so miserable. He likes you, sis—I know he does, because he said so better than any girl he ever saw, and when he gets ready, he'll propose—my word for it—unless you discourage him by being too—too—well, too anxious about him. You see, a fellow don't like a girl to let on she's in love with him, and 'I'm honored, Lily, don't get vexed now, but really you do let him know so well how much you like him.'"

A hot, mortified blush surged over her face.
"Oh, Theo! I am sure I never did. I should die if I thought I had."

Richmond caressed his mustache affectionately.

"Well, maybe you haven't only. There's this one thing, that there's no surer way to make a fellow pony up—that is, if you want him to propose—than to flirt with some other fellow. And, mind you, his jealousy, you know. Why don't you do it? There's Colonel Elmer; he's stylish and handsome, and a word from me will fix it all right. He'll be delighted to play a little farce with you, and Merle will not be slow in doing his duty. Shall I speak to Elmer, Lily?"

"Oh, no! no! Oh, I couldn't, Theo! If Mr. Merle doesn't care for any one, I am sure—Oh, Theo, there comes Colonel Elmer now! Promise me you won't say a word!"

And she turned her flushed, nervous face toward him, her eyes shining with tears, her pretty mouth trembling, and he gave the promise, as he sauntered off with the handsome military gentleman, with the mental reservation that he would not say a word to help his little sister through—he would say a number of them.

And Lily went away up to her own room; and Mr. Rex Merle emerged from the curtains with a smile on his face.

"So that is the little game, is it? Miss Lily, I shall punish you for this—a little only, you loving little darling you! I will flirt as well as you yourself; and if you and Colonel Elmer have a good time, so will the charming Mrs. Cladesley and myself! Two can play at your game, Miss Lily; and when I am tired of my part of it, I will call the police at your pretty feet, and we'll see where the laugh comes in!"

Of course his thoughts were silent ones—people never soliloquize who are blessed with their five senses—and Mr. Merle looked very delighted as he walked down toward the hotel where the beautiful widow was boarding.

Not that the mature charms of Mrs. Cladesley can win my heart from its allegiance to dear little Lily, but it will be a good lesson to her to make her appreciate my offer when I make it, as I certainly shall when I am ready, despite Colonel Elmer's attentions or the fair Sylvia's attractions."

He walked leisurely along, switching at the daisies with his cane—a fine-looking, well-

dressed, self-possessed fellow, with plenty of conceit about him—and where will you find the man without more than his fair share?

That afternoon Mrs. Cladesley was uncommonly fascinating, and Mr. Merle staid longer than he expected—so long, that when at last he went, he was just in time to see Colonel Elmer and Lily Richmond driving briskly along behind the colonel's thoroughbreds. And a little, appealing look on Lily's face, as they exchanged nods, told him plainer than ever where her young affection was.

And he lifted his hat with a careless smile, that smote her like a blow, and that made Colonel Elmer compress his lips in wrath at the "conceited puppyism of the rascal who dared trifle with such a little darling as Lily Richmond."

So it appeared that Theo had entrusted Lily's cause to the colonel's gallant care, after all.

The October banners of red and gold were hung gaily out, and a crisp frostiness was in the air, that brought warm, glowing tints to Lily Richmond's cheeks, as she and Philip Elmer sauntered along the leaf-strewn road—the frost—a something, perhaps the earnestness in her escort's voice.

"It hardly seems possible it is the very last day, does it, Lily? What a charming summer it has been—to me?"

"And to me as well. How I wish you were not going, Colonel Elmer!"
She was looking at the little flurry of leaves at her feet.

"Do you really mean that? Oh, I dare say you do, come to think of it, because I have been so successful."

She looked suddenly at him.
"You promised never to refer to the awkward arrangement Theo made. Please don't, Colonel Elmer."

She laid a dainty little hand on his arm—they had been such unoccupied hours, and now she had discovered that Theo had "spoken a word" to the colonel.
"I will not. But there is one thing I must speak of, Lily—I must tell you that if it were not that you loved fortunate Merle so grandly and nobly as you do, I would confess that, Lily, how can I be so particular and deliberate in language, when my whole soul is calling out for you, my love, my darling, my white Lily!"

And by his deathly pale face, his earnest eyes she knew that, for him, the farce was not a farce, but a reality.

And she!

She felt her heart leap almost to her throat as she listened, and she lifted her sweet eyes for one glance at his impassioned face.

"Colonel Elmer, I—I—was—mistaken when I thought I—cared for Mr. Merle! I—don't!"
He had her in his arms before she could finish.

"Lily, love, tell me! I have not learned to love you in vain! Lily! Lily! you do love me! Say it—say so!"

And she must have said so, because that same evening Theo Richmond went up to Rex Merle, as he was walking to and fro on the piazza, smoking contentedly, and thinking it was about time to end matters with himself and the dashing widow.

"Congratulate me, Rex, on my brother-in-law—elect! Phil and Lily have commissioned me to tell you of their engagement. Splendid match, isn't it? And, by-the-by, here's a letter for you—the Cladesleys' hand, and the letter to the lamp at the head of the piazza steps, to read a little notelet Sylvia's fair hand had penned an hour before."

"My dear Mr. Merle:—You surely do not intend for me to return to the city without another word from you? Hardly!—I will see you to-morrow, quite early! I will see you this evening, at any hour convenient to yourself, and I am sure you will not refuse me. I have many a letter to write, and you have written me, which I shall be sorry to be obliged to hand to my brother, who is with me for a day or so, in order to have their charmingly affectionate contents translated. Please let me see you to-night; and know I am,

"Ever Faithfully,"
"S. M."

"P. S. You remember how you addressed and subscribed your last letter to me?"
S.

His hands were trembling like aspen leaves as he read the suggestive note—suggestive of his city in having carried his flirtation beyond the bounds of prudence (if there be such a boundary), suggestive of the beautiful West Indian's temper; suggestive of a suit for breach of promise would it be, or what?

And he went into the house, and made his preparations, and after all his magnificent lordliness of the summer, sneaked away under cover of the darkness, a miserable, disappointed, disgusted man. While fair Lily was as happy as the days were goldenly bright.

Ripples.

An Ohio jockey furnishes horses with false teeth so as to conceal their age. The trick is too thin.

About the only person we ever heard of that was not spoiled by being lionized was a Jew named Daniel.

Man is selfish, even in his charities, but woman's generosity is unbounded. She does not even limit her goodings to her own family.

Velvet flowers are very fashionable on bonnets for day wear, such as sweet peas of a deep, rich tone and variegated carnations.

Throw out crumbs to the sparrows. They are foreigners, but they take a lively interest in this country.

Question for a debating society: "If a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be best for his personal safety—to hold on or to let go?"